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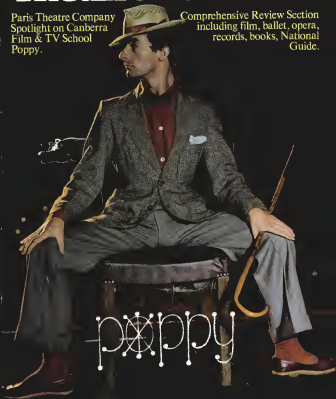
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July 1978 \$1.50

Theatre Australia

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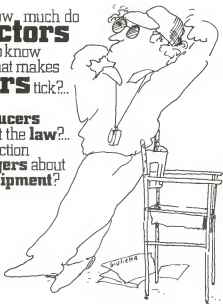
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Theatre

Australia

July 1978
Volume 2 No. 12

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#COMMENT#

The flow of theatrical traffic between Australia and the two major quarters of English speaking theatre, Britain and the US, seems to be very much on the up. And at last it looks as if the one way system that made the journey from the end to beginning and usually impossible is slowly becoming two way (and could perhaps become a full free way system with a few state road works en route).

Following Benjamin Franklin and the impact of his motto in the *Way to God* (Richard Wherrett's phrase has recently been used in *Plays and Players* to advertise the \$15 evening school) — with Chivers on the cover, though sadly not enough to keep it running for much longer, Williamson's *The Club* — renamed *For Players* — will be following in its tracks to London and the States, though there is Washington in opposition to Broadway. It is only sad that the London producers have not seen fit, as they did with Benjamin Franklin, to take the package of the excellent and economically supported National production. As in Michael Blakemore will be joining together a predominantly English cast, it's huge a demand here the same effort as the English production of *Great Expectations* that of merely confirming all the worst British prejudices about Americans.

Last July director Alan Rickman came over from America for the Peter Simonson Foundation, and was here while *Don't Talk About The Wind* made its first full production at last State, Sydney. This year he is scheduled to direct his play on Broadway in the new future: after it was picked up by New York producers Sandy Fisker and Stanley Baruch.

And it's not just our playwrights. Alan Ullman, months travel and intense theatre study in Europe despite their career is working in London as assistant to Timothy Cline and Tawana Fink for the next six months. He is working on a number of that commission including the *Reel/Motion Film* and opera designs for Covent Garden, and would you believe Sydney? Perhaps as a small concession to the Australia Council's direct and indirect huge payments to British artists, the Arts Council of Great Britain has awarded him a small bursary for the period.

The Queens top hat once again recognised theatre in the Americas, and has this year awarded Kate Bradstock the Order of the British Empire for his services. Bradstock has indeed brought to Australia much of the best that Britain has had to offer. It is he who has introduced here *Martin Luther*, *House of Cards*, *The Bachelors*, *Contender Tales*, *The Boys in the Band*, *Amis*, *Neighbours*, *Death Warrant*, *Charlie*

Claf, *Godspell* and *Plays* and also started the trend of putting Australian artists into these big shows. Like Johnny Lockwood and Johnny Pemberton.

The latest in the long line of these shows is of course, *A Chorus Line*, and running in Melbourne, but there is also plenty more on the way. With Michael Uggly's *Brooklyn* and *I C Williamson's Productions* have just completed an evening looking line up of drama, dance and opera from overseas that will be touring here in the new explosion month of the. The drama from looks off with *Dracula* this August, a new and safely serious version of the blood sucking gentlemen's adventures. *Amor* the new pitiful Broadway musical follows, and later another thriller called *Disappearance* it will be necessary to see how the stage has obviously commercial due of Chivers *The Bear and the Coconut*. *The Woman Who* that Liv Ullman is coming over to play, will do for the megaprojects. Interestingly, too, that an actress from the court of the of the nation through a free talent has become a figure that the public will pay to see, whereas she dreamed she is a.

For better reason the "princess tour" approach has been taken: we have used stars as the order of the day, from *Baron of the World* to the *Donor Theatre of Harlem*, to the *Full House* tour to *Real and French*. And the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of money plus their full symphony orchestra will be here next May to cater for the G & S fans.

As Michael Uggly makes clear in *Quoted and Quoted*, Australian actors will be working in the drama productions — but perhaps the next step for our increasingly adverse stage environment is to find the right American shows to export overseas — just to have some of them based under the wings of *Seaside* or *the others* for an opening in Sydney not enough.



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“QUOTES & QUERIES”



Graham Murphy in Jean Cocteau's hit
hit *Indes Pige* Photo: Bruce Gatta

London since March last year and there is no end in sight to its darkest season. Because of its unprecedented success in England the National Theatre and Appleton's agents wanted that it be produced and presented in Australia by a private organization capable of giving it national exposure with a big cast.

At the time of going to print our top doers have agreed to play at the Sydney season. They are: Cullen, Dawson, Jacki Weaver, Kate Fitzpatrick, Ron Haddock, Ruth Cracknell and Barry Crookall.

The fact that the AETT was granted the right to produce the high season with which the Trust is held by overseas management. The full production is scheduled to open at the Theatre Royal in October and together with a number of major actors and actresses ranging from past to classical better that the Trust is currently negotiating to obtain for Australia — is a major step in the return of the Trust to the position of the top commercial producer of quality theatre in Australia.

COMEDY AT THE COMEDY

WILTON MORLEY, Parastheatre Productions: "How would it be for theatregoers in this country that the Comedy Theatre (Melbourne) has been told to continue with such obvious theatrical flair and brought in Mr. Paul Dancy. When it comes to making his appearance new artistic policy, Mr. Dancy does not make words. "Why should we turn out Australian stuff just because we are in Australia, the public become bored by it." Does this mean we can finally rid ourselves of all those dreadful old Australian farces like *Dick's Party*, *The Club* and *The Discovers of Benjamin Franklin*? Yes, at last we can sit back and enjoy *Dick's Party* (as *Dick's Party* and *Dick's Party* at the Comedy without any loss of containing our minds.

I only hope the public don't become bored at all the good Robert Mr. Dancy's latest production *Love My Neighbour* at Sydney's Theatre Royal has just finished playing to 30% of the audience. *The Club* attracted maybe they'll have been back at the Comedy.

TOP TRUST PRODUCTION

JOHN LITTLE, Promotions Officer, AETT: "Despite heavy competition not only from substandard theatre companies, but also from the major commercial management throughout Australia, the AETT has been granted the Australian rights to produce Alan Ayckbourn's most successful play, *Bedroom Farce*. *Bedroom Farce* has been playing to capacity audiences at the National Theatre in

EDUCATION NOT CONDUCTIVE

BARBARA MANNING, Director, Salamancas Theatre Co.: "In June 1977 I.A. printed a two page article on 'The Salamancas Theatre in Education Company', by Axel Ernst. The Company now has a new name.

The Salamancas Theatre Company (Salamancas Theatre in Education Co Ltd)

This change of name was made mainly because the word "education" is not conducive to getting good audiences for mainstream shows — apparently sounds too much like a boring lecture that will be "good" for you rather than an artistic statement.

The Company's headquarters is at Salamancas Plaza, a row of historic stone warehouses now the Salamancas Community Arts Centre.

Eight members of the company will leave in late August for a tour of the USA, playing to schools, colleges, universities and community centres right across America, taking in Houston, San Francisco, Seattle, Grand Rapids, St Louis, Washington, Boston and San Diego at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Center in Worcester, Connecticut. The main member of the company, Richard Meredith has been awarded a Director's Development Grant by the Theatre Board of the Australia Council and will leave Tasmania at the end of August. Richard Meredith has been with the company for five years.

NATIONAL YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS WEEKEND

BRIGGS BRAY, Shapland Theatre for Young People:

"From 4th August 1978 the Shapland Theatre is offering young playwrights from all over Australia the opportunity to work intensively on their craft with professional writers, directors and actors for three days. Young writers between the ages of 16 and 18 and experience are invited to submit scripts — for TV, film, radio, theatre, puppets, music, any drama medium — and to apply for inclusion in the Weekend. All young writers will be dealt with individually and not as representatives of any institution. No one will be invited unless he or she submits a script.

The Theatre's complex includes a focus where the young playwrights will stay so that the Weekend can also be a process of finding out about each others work. The programme will include performances and rehearsals of plays written by young people and submitted for last year's Weekend. We are planning to meet live theatre and videotapes of work done by our senior writers will be shown.

The Weekend will be supervised by the Theatre's staff of five and one or two of the senior writers will list in professional writers who have already agreed to attend are: Peter Kenna, Alan Davis, Dorothy Howitt, Margaret Kelly, Michael Cline, John Dargatzis, Bill Harding and Richard Bradshaw. Other writers will be approached and we plan to have a large number of actors with us this year. Last year eighteen professionals attended.

The Weekend will be free to young writers except for a contribution to \$40 towards the food and we anticipate that we will be able to offer some help with fares for overseas and country origins.

Enquiries, phone Sydney 583 3941. Scripts to: 88 Carlton Parade, Carlton, NSW 1214.

HOLE IN THE POCKET

JOAN AMBRIDGE

"There's nothing having been personally a financial problem, it is highly probable that at some time in the past someone has staged a production with the title 'Hole in the Pocket'. This correspondent, however, has heard only of the stimulating concept which is being presented on July at the Hole in the Wall Theatre in Perth. Director John Milon has arranged a workshop to give young actors and directors an opportunity to work in the exciting professional atmosphere of the Hole.

Duncan Jamieson, who was a Theatre Board grant for Young Directors and who has been working with Alan Prosser's CATS, is directing *Green Water*, *Moby Dick*, *Rehearsal*. The play

has a four day season starting on June 28th and is followed for a similar period starting on July 1st, by Sam Sheppard's *Geography of a Horse* (written & directed by Stephen Aron) who was formerly with the drama section of Arts Access. The company for both in the Pocket season has been formed with young actors mainly from the University Dramatic Society."

SEEKING THEIR FORTUNE

JOHN CUFFE, Fortrose Theatre Co., Canberra.

"The company has been in existence for just under a year formed by three people, Pam Rowlands, Pat MacIntosh and myself. Its main function so far has been to provide freelance theatre presenting professionally plays by Australian playwrights. During its first year of operation the company has made its mark on the community by its continual high standard, both for technique shows and performances in various high schools and colleges in ACT (indeed both the company and I were nominated for the Critics Circle Award for drama talent in the ACT).

The future policy of the company is to provide Canberra and its environs with a first class full time professional company. This is to be done will give further work opportunities for professional actors, directors and administrative staff who could come and work in Canberra and then broaden the scope of the standards by their expertise. Young actors could also gain more experience when first starting out in the hard world of professional theatre.

But as is the usual story, all this will depend on money. The high standard we hope to present cannot be done on a week to week basis as is the case at present. Canberra does need a first class professional company, whether or not Fortrose can be the beginning of a measure to be seen."

FIVE SIDED THEATRE

STEPHEN HARGREAVE, producer.

"The 1990s are a time of extreme unemployment within the Australian theatre, the theatrical profession is severely over-crowded with insufficient outlets for the development of Australian talent.

The Five Sided Theatre was born from these conditions. It is a non profit organisation founded by a group of freelance professional theatre people who, tired of spending half their lives doing nothing, thought it was time to create their own opportunities. It has two aims: to allow professional theatre people to advance their skills and provide good theatre at reasonable prices.

The company was officially formed in April 9th with Stephen Hargreave as producer and Julie Stanford as artistic director. Our first production will be *Levity* by Brian Friel, opening August 10th in the Park Gallery, Surry Hills.

ALL POINTS WEST

TONY YODEREN, Administrator, National Theatre, Perth.

"The National Theatre Company in Perth are participating in the Western Australian Arts Council's Arts Access programme by providing drama services for the whole of the Western Australian Country areas.

Since the scheme started in March this year members of the National Theatre Company have travelled as far as Port Hedland in the North West and Bridgetown in the South.

We hope the funds will be available next year to employ a permanent community access team to service the country areas.

Activities under the programme include workshops in both the performing and technical areas."

CENTRE OF ENTERTAINMENT

MICHAEL EDGLEY just back from America talked at his recent press conference in Sydney

about the shows he has lined up for the coming months and his involvement with building entertainment centres for regional cities.

"The shows we've just been lining up promise to be some of the best Australia's seen, with more drama and musicals than ever. First of course there's the stars of world ballet, which will be followed by the Georgian State Dance Company. Two Broadway shows we're bringing over are *Drone*, an exotic and scandalous interpretation of Claude Drouot's, rightly misnamed, and *Leviathan*. Anne-Ly Wilson will also be appearing in two plays she is working on at the moment. Next post, among other things the CD Only Carat Opera Company will be coming, and the Broadway thriller called *Darkness*. We are endeavouring to involve Australians, and there will be 90% of Australian actors in the casts of the plays and musicals. I hope also to be including Australians in the *Greater States Spectacular* which will be happening next year.

The cultural element of what we bring in is important, but I'm far too old not to do this for profit. We think that all these things will be successful, you can't own off success. We don't need patronage, but if we're successful we will make a lot of money.

We are talking at the moment with the Warr government about an entertainment centre for Sydney — the Government are looking for a submission that includes the Haymarket. A submission may put in money, but the main point is not who builds it, but that a project. It needs to be in the city centre, to be easily flexible and to have adequate car parking. The Perth centre is like that, and after two years it is beginning to break even and will this year show a small profit. I don't see any danger as we incorporate building it, it would still be open to everyone. In Perth we have a commitment to provide a certain amount of entertainment in it each year, and we pay the full amount of rent for it when we do."

All plays and musicals will be presented in association with Keano Brodsky. — J.C. Williamson Productions.

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SPOTLIGHT

On Canberra

No culture ever comes out of that emptiness

Canberra Theatre Centre Marguerite Wells

Every few weeks I stand for the Canberra Theatre Centre staff into a theatre. When compiling the *Timescape*, I nagged them what plays they will be staging. "Oh dear!" is the reply I have often had, and I hear the pages flicking over frantically, "There are plenty of concerts and films." Then hopefully, "You don't want concerts or films, do you?"

As it happens, I don't. I want to go to the wooden bar bandstand. I want the Canberra Theatre, or better, the 312-seat Playhouse next door. But the Playhouse can only have got its name as a memorial of wicket cynicism on the part of the Canberra Theatre Trust that nominally — legally — administers it. This month the Playhouse offers us *The Sound of Music* but months it was a demo/revue performance and Dale Woodhouse's puppets, the month before, nothing that could be put in a *Timescape*. Not one straight play in three months. The Canberra Theatre has had one play in those three months — *East*.

Meanwhile an excellent production of *Stretch of the Imagination* plays alone and unsupported in the ramshackle and depressing, if theatrically flexible Children Street Hall. Further Theatre: one of Canberra's last professional companies, a company in brochure series in the *pages of the Canberra Theatre*. Of course it would prefer the Playhouse, but financial considerations you know. The Figure Company, a professional youth/theatre/VTE company whose excellent school holiday productions are more than worthy of the Playhouse stage, also perform there in Children Street Hall. Of course they would use the Playhouse if they could afford it. Now, probably for the first time since *Burrows* and *Levi* last year ago, a professional production is now from outside Canberra to be played in — guess where? — Children Street Hall. It is *World Comedies* in *Burrow* Street by Roger Pober, a Canberra playwright who



Canberra Theatre Centre

works and increasingly produced outside Canberra, but out to us here. Of course Government Productions applied to the Theatre Trust for support from the Trust's 'extra professional' funds to enable them to use the Playhouse, but instead got \$500 guarantee against loss on condition that they didn't use it? To quote one of the Theatre trustees, "It's better to have it unused".

And so they do. Use of the Centre has declined steadily over the past three years — 581 usage in 1975, 581 in 1976 and 473 in 1977. Attendances have followed scope: 1975, 294,967; 1976, 289,801; 1977, 216,335. Terry Vaughan the Director probes himself on the high standards and believes the Centre offers to those who can afford to use it. He contrasts its annual subsidy for maintenance only, of approximately with those of the Adelaide Festival Centre, the Opera House and the Canadian National Arts Centre in Ottawa. But then, a building that overflows with action naturally tends to be popular.

The Centre is caught in limbo between being what its annual report calls "basically a commercial enterprise", and a Public Service body subject to Ministerial direction staff salaries (it's worth noting to be fair, and Treasury Terry Vaughan says with a world weary sigh, "Treasury have at last stopped asking us 'When will you be self-sufficient?'"). As any Canberra knows, Treasury does have a habit of asking rather inappropriate

The Trust's secondary function (after using and managing the Centre) is to promote and encourage the development and presentation of, and public support and participation in, the arts. The grants that the Trust manages in relation to the purpose go mainly on bringing in "presentations which for financial reasons would not otherwise occur". In 1976/77, one of the three plays supported (out of 19 functions funded by the Trust) was local, and that had moved to the Playhouse after a highly successful season at Theatre 3. This was not promoting and encouraging local talent but an art concept coming.

The local groups that get to use the Centre tend to be large-scale musicals, which have outside subsidy because they involve so many people, ie "public participation" in the arts. They would probably use the Theatre Centre anyway, because they are the past year's daughter a whorl on the stage. Miss Warrington produces where the rest would be willing to subsidise their own performance, if someone else didn't do it for them. Small-scale plays are of course another matter. The whole of the nonprofessional public world of locally initiated independent long-term productions from interstate and give the locals a bit of a turn on the stage too, which except for *Fortune Theatre*, sleep in their beds. "Quality" does' think out in the cold. Literally out in the cold for the sad anomaly is that the theatre centre of Canberra is not at the Canberra Theatre Centre but at the drill hall style Children Street Hall, where there are gaps between the floorboards and where to enter the audience some dressed like football crowds and stand around like one better at interval. And then of course there's Canberra Superior at Theatre 3 which can also be quite chilling. But for Roger Pober, whose fourth professional production it is to have such a cold welcome to Canberra, the most chilling of all is the Canberra Theatre Centre.

It's not surprising and justice. They always seem how much they have to do to accept others. What they should do is not close it at all, they spend the money on theatre and complex to the funding bodies that they've got no money to spend it.

But of course no self-respecting Treasury would permit such a wasteful, irresponsible disposal of public funds. The Canberra Theatre Centre will stay open and for Roger Pober at least, because "When Peter Brook used the empty space", he was talking about the Canberra Theatre Centre. He couldn't ever come out of that emptiness."

The Mask and the Everyman Experience

Solrun Hoaas

The invaluable experience of watching fourteen masks for a production of the Van Houtenmachi *Everyman* devised by Ross Cranham and performed outdoors at Canberra in March has forced me to come new thoughts on masks and the cinema's relationship to them as in theatre here.

In most conventional theatre in the West there is a great emphasis on the physical aspect or uniqueness of the actor. These are highlighted (even without a star system) as a way conscious of who is playing the role. The mask renders the actor anonymous — even metaphorical, if behind a full face mask.

In Edward Gordon Craig's England it was perhaps metaphysical to blasphemy to speak of the mask as "the permanent means of dramatic expression without which acting was bound to degenerate". And even today it may seem a bit too simple to call it "the only right medium of portraying the experiences of the soul as shown through the expressions of the face".

Placing Craig's role in theatre history made these outcasts of the role for use the traditional bit by anyone who believes that theatre can be modern poetry, and who is up against a theatre tradition not only rooted in naturalism but also increasingly wild-faced. Today's Australian theatre is more open to poetry on stage than a few years ago, but, so far, more in verbal poetry than that based on visual imagery.

Then I come back to the mask. In my little over five years in Australia I have met very few people in theatre interested in masks. Perhaps it is an overstatement that those who are tend to be in music, puppetry or the visual arts. The main artist recognises that "the mask is to control", that the mask can liberate one to use the body as the prime expressive medium rather than rely on facial muscles.

It should point out that my comments on resistance to the mask, the actor and the mask, are no reflections on the actors who appeared in *Everyman*.

In Noh, the bare face without make up is recognized as a mask category alongside with gold and chrome masks, masks for old men, ghosts or young men and women. Such unmasked male roles are considered among the most difficult to play because of the control required to maintain a single and natural expression throughout without a distracting use of gesture when expressing strong emotion through vigorous body movements.

When it is often, though not always the case with Noh, a play focuses on one single emotion or emotional state, the mask is obviously a great help as it can crystallize a dominant emotion. And if one combines the subtlety with it, it is easier to avoid the human eye than the eye of



Left: Unmasked Ryo, Asakura with Noh Mask.



Overlooking: Left: Unmasked Ryo, Asakura; Right: Noh Mask.



Asakura Ryo, Asakura

the mask. For those and other reasons of more spiritual origin, the mask is according to the highest importance in Noh — it is more than a prop or a part of a costume, something to cover up the face, allow for quick transformations, or create illusion. If fact, the whole core of a performance is set by the mask as the mask actor chooses the mask according to the way he wishes to interpret the role, then decides on costume and his level of acting to suit.

There is nothing in these principles for the use of the Noh mask that is too extreme to be applied in another theatre tradition. There are even Noh mask types that could work just as they are in Western theatre, aside from the mask for young women by giving men, one of that many types have obviously Japanese features. A particular mask for a famous deity could well work as the ghost of Hamlet's father, without any touch of the mask. I am as much against dipping into mystery for the audience as against creating periods of mysticism from Asian theatre mysticism.

The conventional use of a Noh mask for one production is unusual in Japan and would be unthinkable in a Western repertory system for economic reasons, no there is an offer for one mask to pay a month's wages — a professional average one month to make a Noh mask, a good Noh mask today costs at least \$1000. It is possible to simplify the technique, however.

I felt it must be possible, even to construct such as gipsies and paper masks, to try to

apply some principles of Noh mask making to the masks for *Everyman* and then let myself be inspired by particular Noh masks for some. The monthly play deals with types or categories of people as does Noh, although in Noh they are not allegorical or archetypal. In Noh the voices muffled under a full face mask, this does not matter in the language is written anyway. When text is given priority there will be a tension between the visual and the verbal as expressed by the full mask, which is even more obviously a mask than one that covers the whole face. Where is make the cut, was a problem. I don't believe there are any rules for where it should go on a full mask. This was decided on the basis of type and expression. A straight, angular cut seemed right for Faith (I thought of the lines of some men's haircuts). I wanted a full upper lip as, Courtesan, etc.

Some Noh masks have an intermediate expression that appears to change as light and shadow play on the barely delineated features. The subtle effect is achieved by limiting expression. Carving the mask in wood one takes away and takes away until the minimum needed for the expression remains. After three years of training as a Noh mask maker I sculpted my first head in clay and found the several process very difficult, one is always tempted to add features and build up. Faith should appear distressed and angry, as well as violent, impetuous and even. In trying to achieve the subtlety and texture that can bring out a subtle expression I experimented with the painting and sanding process and chalky powder used in the final stages of Noh mask making. The effect of subtle masks is very dependent on lighting movement and angle of the head in relation to lighting, and in the particular production taking first appearance from rehearsal.

The mask for *Everyman* herself posed the greatest problems. Without too much individual features, a needed to evoke self-assured laughter and confidence on the one hand but allow for the sudden anguish in the face of Death. All of that in a full mask, therefore necessarily a somewhat neutral mask. The emotional tension brought to mind one of my favourite Noh masks, *Kanjin* roles, although it is used to express a constant different anguish. In the Noh play *Kanjin* a man searches for enlightenment, decides that he lives a life of splendor and pleasure as an Emperor, wishes up to find a life a dream in the full moon's moon the miles to seek and realize the transitory nature of life. The Noh mask requires searching and the clear pleasure of the dream sequence, as well as the calm of having done in the end of a search. The same mask is worn throughout. In *Everyman* a different mask — pale and unadorned instead of the more tones of the first — was used after the destruction of life. The audience for the monthly play may have been less willing to suspend as disbelief and accept that *Everyman* would pose the angel choir with the same face by want while living his life of worldly pleasure.



Katharine Brisbane reviews this year's Playwrights' Conference.

Canberra 1978

Probably the most thing about the 1978 Australian National Playwrights Conference in Canberra was that John Deane as was not there.

Jack Hobbs and Dorothy Healey were there. Brian Hynes, Robyn Meyer and Ross Probert were there. Brian Swainson and Bob Adams, Colin Ballentyne, Kate Hooley, Frank Ford and Don McKillop, Peter MacKellar, James Tully Clark, Tim Robertson, Tony Tashman, John Allen — and so on. And of course, Bob Ellis.

There was also Professor Gels, of Monash University who is translating *Four Friends* into Chinese and Japanese, and Yoko Ono from Hong Kong University who is translating *Long Day's Journey into Night* into Cantonese (which makes us think we know about week's who came of their own accord).

Quite enough luminaries as Nick Enright pointed out in a discussion of future conferences, without any without glow.

We have had time good hard, working within the past from the past, afraid like Martin Evans, Lloyd Richards and Helen Menage. But what the low profile achieved that time was a consciousness consciousness upon the work is hard, a movement of piece attention and a professional use of himself.

Each year the personality of the entire depends makes its impact upon the conference. This year it was Nick Enright, dedicated, organized, very much concerned with the practical outcome both of statements in the creative work, and of the specific problems raised in the figure conference held over the last four days.

Specific I think is the word to describe the style of the keynote.

Firstly there were the plays, such as conversations as to why, unlike anything recently familiar to Australian audiences. There were two short plays. The *Conversations* by Philip Ryall, a comedy in which a straight forward dramatic situation about the death of Crispian Adams, about children, and *Disorder* by Beryl, a piece of experimental word picture, by Coralia Charnock.

Then it was three documentary plays, or plays as I would have it. *The Death of Lancel* a monologue on the soldier's journey's nature of war by Colin Hoad. *No Room for Dreamers*, a full play by George Housheer on the life and death of William Lindsay, Sydney's economic life

recovered, and *Come with Randy* by David Allen, an allegorical look at the war which informed the national public, again of Ross Lloyd.

The last two more tonight, plays in facing on the conflict between external and internal realities, on some sophisticated problems and some possible high points, they were *The New Creative Playmaker* a comedy (roughly about it looks like) by Don Sauer, and *The Death* entirely of attribution by John O'Donoghue.

The directors were Terry Gilling, Anne Harvey and Nick Enright, the dramaturge John McAlpian, Colin O'Brien and Gill Armstrong. As an observer I found the level of writing, production and performance of a very high level as was the analysis and discussion following the final performances.

During the workshop period on weekends were undertaken, dealing with professional problems of the playwrights. There were national discussions, a seminar of sorts to work a living out of "what is acceptable" and two on the design problems within the workshop play, combined by the reader designer Kate Frothingham. Six further play readings were held in the evenings and discussed with the authors. This national theatre conference, held in the period where the final readings were held, was less devoted to some more but the standard of separate work with the production of written papers. There were seminars on touring and touring, the seminar on publicity in which the three men of the Theatre Board, Brian Swainson delivered a paper supported by Bob Adams, was devoted to the following day. Each day stayed on at the conference for some days afterwards.

A live role discussion was held by Colin Ballentyne, former chairman of the South Australian Theatre Company, on the duties and responsibilities of the chairman of a regional company. Ballentyne is a man who has been part of Adelaide theatre for two generations. His was opposed on the platform by Frank Ford, chairman of HOBUS and director of commercial theatre in SA — a man equally dedicated to and experienced in regional theatre.

Each conference throws up a special personality. This time it was Barry Round about play *Greater Peak* written in 1976, was given a reading. The conversation of style in difference from other conference works, together with the authors tale of how the play was "played" produced for the stage in three countries before becoming a TV drama, and of how she kept herself as a writer over fifty years was referring to those who began her.

In the morning up session on the first day a motion was passed that when other organisations were should be guests in future conferences. Other motions related such as the role of a resident designer and the inclusion of a resident established playwright and a composer.

The conference supported in principle the need for continued participation by the Film and Television Board, which had joined the ANPP, for the second year in succession, this time on a two-day session. But it was agreed that the current this time was considerably being too generalised and unhelpful. They were more concerned on the future of Theatre Australia, recently rescued by Theatre Publications Ltd after a period in partnership with Playhouse Press. The word for and a study of a national theatre magazine were used in detail as the safety session and the meeting directed the committee to rep, Bank, and Federal funding bodies to recognize the value of the profession of a national theatre of communication and passed a vote of confidence in the leadership and management of the magazine.

A motion to move the conference, date to January 1980 was lost.

After several discussions had been raised by the fact that the newly published 1981 First Theatre Company season included an Australian play a monologue was passed asking that funding bodies be urged to set and reduce quotas for Australian content in the programmes they used in accordance with their published policies of support the Australian work. There was a further vote that the committee approach the Theatre Board to urge the provision of all Australian directors, script and designers in our theatre.

There was discussion led by Alan Bellman, about the fact that the hangings that at 1977's prohibited the employment of regional professionals, which a qualified Australian was unemployed. Tony Tashman said that his experience at the Perth Playhouse had been that it was easier for a foreign professional to integrate than to work temporarily as the country. Colin Hoad said he was writing a book on Australian integration policy, and that while, this, at no time, the Minister had showed points of distinction. The matter was put back for the conference's next night.

There were a few of the points of argument. As you see, it was a very lively and confident. The things to come will show what seeds grow from it.

The Theatre Australia presented at the Playwrights' Conference by Tony Enright and others as follows:

	ACT	Victoria	South Australia	New South Wales	Western Australia
Head Actor	Long Enright	General Clarke	David Clark	David Clark	John Jones
Head Actress	As a producer	Clarke	As a producer	As a producer	John Jones
Head Director	John Ford	Clarke	Clarke	Clarke	John Jones
Head Designer	John Ford	Clarke	Clarke	Clarke	John Jones
Head Musician	John Ford	Clarke	Clarke	Clarke	John Jones
Head Light	John Ford	Clarke	Clarke	Clarke	John Jones
Head Sound	John Ford	Clarke	Clarke	Clarke	John Jones
Head Prop	John Ford	Clarke	Clarke	Clarke	John Jones

LETTERS

Dear Sir

I am sorry that Paul has taken my article as a poker slammed up the back of the theatre to work for, and I am relieved to be reassured that Nimrod does not intend to be drawn into the diagrams and illustrations. It is genuinely pleased that the pot is boiling as much for him.

I stand by my argument, however, and he has one shot in 100,000 of being right. I understand that subsidised theatre in this country (yet under commercial pressure) if it were being administered in the way one claims not to be regarding the theatre in this country, it might argue that companies with subsidies approaching a million dollars a year can afford a much more radical approach at bringing popular audiences into the theatre than they do. Instead of spending a fortune for the 1 or 2% who can afford to sit there, spend a few extra dollars — people don't really enjoy spending all that money on such a conservative, rather than such a conservative, as to much more exciting they might spend less money and let people in for nothing, and really make theatre an important social, cultural activity. This does not, however, apply to Paul's idea, does it?

My point was, not that commercial and subsidised theatre are antithetical, but that a pre-occupation with terms and costs can be debilitating and destructive and ugly. I am advised that in Nimrod's view it may not be free if we conservatively accept that subsidy does not free theatre from commercial pressure, and we surely needed to hope that it gives them some freedom to challenge audiences rather than provide to them. There is of course an implied artistic judgement in these comments. I cannot see that the theatre produced by the commercial/subsidised misapprehensions, a pressure will have the financing and, ultimately, valuable support that it and one or two others, would like theatre to have. That is a failure for another article. In the meantime I acknowledge that Nimrod produces some very good shows in spite of their commercial problems.

The whole business of The Club will warmen us. The time after referring to it of the "common" rules involved in establishing it as the Royal, Mr. Bly comments that the transfer was pre-planned "because we knew of the NHC's success with the original production." He can't have it both ways. He says that the production was begun at Nimrod in order to "recoup rehearsal and wage costs" — only, which surely would have been with no such risk, occupied from the expected subsidised commercial success. Nimrod, with public money for subsidised production in the matter of directors' percentages (I said that it was a good way to reward them for their exceptional success) but I still hope they can be awarded not to be in a position

where artistic judgement. If Equity in Britain says they should get a cut, then so should they should.

For all this I would like to see the case of Nimrod in law, subsidised theatre audiences are seeing better productions than they would do without the profits of the market place. I just wish that subsidised theatrical audiences could see them too.

Yours faithfully
Douglas A. Pflerhoff
Brooklyn, NY

PS Mr. Bly finds it curious that I make no reference to the *Queensland Theatre Trust*. I find it curious that he fails to recognise my first sentence as a direct, identical, otherwise identical to the troubling commercial explanation.

Dear Sir

I am not alone that lighting designers in lighting design take many lines in reviews or articles, so it was even more of a blow, both personally and professionally, to find in your May issue that correspondence William Shostetberg in his editorial, largely made on the *Dance Company* — *People* credits Mr George Gannon with "anti-ideological" views, and, reference to a "very substantial" and "substantial" view, for which Mr Gannon was responsible, but then also credits him with "lighting design" for which the writer was responsible.

I wish Mr Gannon would object, and rightly so, to the under-the-table national koppen printing, though?

Yours faithfully
Lorena R. Wheeler
Cl. Dance Company (NW)
Westminster, NSW

Dear Sir

I was a member of the Queensland audience of *Don't Public Against The Wind*, after who took a great interest in too David Rowbottom's era of the play by the Queensland Theatre Company and am not ashamed of doing so.

Now as your May edition of *Theatre Australia* your critic Richard Featheringham supports Rowbottom well more, but has however to call the timing of Rowbottom's "heavy" speech? It is the timing, up of critics I object to. Does audiences have a right to be disappointed in critics, perhaps because they pay for their seats, they have more right? Why should you credit Richard Featheringham consider critics should make a choice? What your critic has failed to observe is that the audience found not because they failed to prove that Mr Rowbottom was a bad system of the play, but

that his art was compromised and because of the system.

As time with your critic there is some away in his review which he obviously has not the perspective to grasp. That is that in reviewing *Don't Public Against The Wind*, after he has spent his time not praising the play itself but telling us what his assumptions thought of it, then endorsing the QTC audience and their pre-occupied in a political argument over Rights for Work, which is a Queensland political issue. All this could be excused as an over-reaction from a man who unfortunately happens to live at a time when however that can't be used as an excuse because we the audience live under the same Queensland laws and yet must do the play. Then he has shown there are still plays around that critics can become apathetic about, then audiences can too, even if it is the worst and it is not about them, there is still about and well — and he couldn't see this.

As Norman Lindsay wrote "two weeks a day recently needed writing in his spare time."

Yours faithfully
Robert Morris
Barton Park, Queensland.

Dear Sir

Geoffrey Horton's attack on the star system (Feb 1978) mainly denies the role of star players. If Mr Horton considers the state of the past, he certainly has nothing to say about what exists.

Major Hilton and Cyril Blackman were well known here as does such as *George* (the Men), *Oh Lady*, *Lady* and *The Colours* (the long before your review), and the lighting remark about *Our Glad* might be our greatest musical ever. Her travels of *The Maid* were in The First impression and always drew in the audience, but I may be sentimental about our former but I doubt whether a good show ever succeeded just because it featured a popular star. Also, who about *Glad* a other shows? After all, she started in thirty eight years during her fifty years on stage.

Marie Tempest may have played in many, many plays, but surely *My Fever* and *Dear Geneva* were worthwhile. Mr Horton forgets Dorothy Brandon, Jeanette Young, Oscar Austin, Charles Featheringham, Carme Moore, Stella Wilson and so many others. He may consider the star system defended, but if we had a list of those great personalities today, the theatre might be in a better financial shape. After all most of us go to the theatre to be entertained and the presence of a popular star gives added heart.

Yours
The Gimp, Brisbane.

Ray Stanley's

WHISPERS RUMOURS & FACTS



Some managers might take note that what you sell is a star builder. Understand that the recent South Australian Theatre Company's country tour of *The Glass Menagerie* broke just a few records when large audiences sat out and out to see Patricia Kennedy in the flesh after having admired her on video for years.

Following mounting by the MTC, for him of *Olivia*, *Four Sons and a Daughter*, and his subsequent tour of the production, Wilson Morley apparently has a similar deal going for *Olivia* a *Clash* to be staged by the MTC in November. Believe Ray Lawrence is preparing another of his one man shows for early presentation (next year) by Eric Dart. What was wrong with Ray's plans for London?

Wonder who Kate Brookes will cast in *Olivia*. Top after his inspired casting of John Wilton in *Olivia* and Hays Gordon in *Ames*. He's been tagged by reviewers again trying to push their claims for the proved lead role, some of whom are big international names. If any

management is considering staging *Rosario's Canto del Desesperado*, will they please consider David Macdonald for the talk role? David tells me it is the one part in his embrace to play. Michael Pate will be returning to the stage after many years to be Les Ulmann's leading man in *Children of the River*.

Just wondered what happened to Peter O'Shaughnessy? Well he's touring England playing *Frank* in a production of *After Hours in Profrisco* with Billie Australian Lloyd Lambie and Walter Brown also in the cast. And another Australian in England, Declan Johnson is in the current Stratford season doing in *The Tempest* and *Messiah for Myself*. Understand Alexander Bain's *Melanie Key* is having an American premiere at the ATR, Theatre, Washington, August 11, directed by Gregory Falls.

Looks like presenting an Offshoots system is going to become an annual event with the Victorian Opera Company. Last year it was *La Belle Meuniere* then coming October it's *Orpheus in the Underworld* and next year *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*. It'll be the first time he will visit fifty years later has been performed in this country, and in each case it'll be the same Offshoots team: cast Suzanne Scott, director Terry Penfold, designer Kenneth Russell and conductor Richard Davell. If *La Belle Meuniere* revival of Off'Ray proves a success, it could be the last musical to be staged by it. W's hint.

One play I didn't expect to hear being revived is Terence Rattigan's wartime comedy *While the Sun Shines*. However, apparently it's enjoying a

success in the current Festival Festival Theatre season, so maybe a resurgence like *Marian Street* will put it up here. Despite his history of flying, last season whippersnapper that Dennis La Bar will be going to Australia for a tour. In the past, we've heard one or two a few night times because of their fear of being airborne, one being Heron van Langel. Almost yet both decided, when Jack Warner comes back to Australia, whether he'll play one, or two, with *It's a Wonderful Life* for *Don't You Say for Yourself* in return to his old stamping grounds with a new attraction. One thing is certain, he'll come it to be in the Victorian capital so as not to miss the Melbourne Cup.

If you happen to be statistically minded, some Press figures for last year's Edinburgh Festival may be of interest. It was covered by 111 journalists of whom 60 came from 12 countries mostly Britain. Some 4,600 copies of materials of coverage came in newspapers and magazines, plus over 100 hours of broadcasting radio. Press material was distributed to an estimated price tag of over 1,600 journalists and broadcasts. 30 press conferences were held and there were distributed 410 000 copies of the programme brochure. 75 000 posters in three sizes, 750 thousands, 1,200 programme posters, 1,200 car stickers and 4-800 leaflets. Requests were processed for 2,900 press tickets. Would be interesting to see to have comparative figures for this year's Adelaide Festival of the Arts.

Picture is a capture theatre in New Jersey USA. "Do not photograph the performers while they are on stage. This may cause backstage and about them after the show."

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Graeme Murphy, Artistic Director and Choreographer, will show an excerpt from a choreographer creates a ballet

The programme will be divided into roughly three sections

1 Graeme, using an existing ballet from the repertory, will talk about and demonstrate the original concept of the ballet, including the music and design elements and the wishes of the dancers

2 By using the choreographers, Graeme will in this section demonstrate how the steps and movements are set. The audience will be invited to stand at this point, by suggesting movements and steps which they would use themselves

3 The final section of the programme will be a full performance of the subject ballet, after which steps will be a short question period involving Graeme, the dancers and the Stage Manager

OPERA THEATRE
1.30 pm July 2, 5, 7

2 AUSTRALIAN FILM INSTITUTE

behind the camera— behind the screen

The Australian Film Institute will present five programmes on film and film making in July. These will explore some technical aspects of film making and production, show the role and work of industry, writing and editing and demonstrate such features of local film as film style, editing and technique of the film makers etc. Guest directors of already produced feature films will discuss their approach, philosophy and methods. These programmes will be equally fascinating to both makers and outsiders of film.

MUSIC ROOM
11.00 am July 24-26

3 MUSICA VIVA AUSTRALIA

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The art of using the human voice to imitate instrumental sound is both universal and as old as the hills. In Baroque Italy woodwinds call it "voce imitata", in New Orleans it is known as "hot 12 string" and in Paris in the early '80s an American musician, Ward Swingle, took the idea and applied it to the work of Johann Sebastian Bach — the Swingle Singers were born. Their world-wide popularity brought the charms of swinging baroque music to the pop charts and to the attention of serious musicians.

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CONCERT HALL
11.00 am August 18

4 THE SYDNEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA concert pitch

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The Australian Broadcasting Commission presents the Sydney Symphony Orchestra in two special programmes arranged and presented by Patrick Thomas. His solitary "pitch" or "pitch" concert, these programmes will show the symphony and the symphony orchestra in an historical context and trace their development and composition through works ranging from Bach through Beethoven and Stravinsky to Mahler, Tchaikovsky and Nelson (Six Million Dollar Man). A great variety of different orchestral combinations will be used to demonstrate the versatility of the modern symphony orchestra which is a laboratory, working and in at home in the popular electronic media as it is in the formality of the concert hall.

CONCERT HALL
11.00 am, 2.00 pm Day September 23

5 SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE TRUST

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CONCERT HALL
10.30 pm October 4 & 5 Band
MUSIC ROOM
10.30 pm October 11 Small Group
MUSIC ROOM
10.30 pm October 18 Traditional

6 THE MARIONETTE THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA

puppets— the complete mask?

The internationally acclaimed puppeteer, Richard Stammers, Artistic Director of the national Company, examines the quest for George Bernard Shaw.

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MUSIC ROOM
10.30 am and 1.00 pm November 6 and 7

7 THE AUSTRALIAN BALLET

let's make a ballet

By arrangement with the Australian Ballet Foundation, the Sydney Opera House Trust presents members of The Australian Ballet in "Let's Make a Ballet" introduced by the Artistic Director, Dame Peggy Van Praagh O.B.E., with the Australian Melbourne Orchestra.

Part 1 The making of a classical dancer. Dame Peggy will tell stories of the company to illustrate various aspects of training. She will explain how this training is reflected by choreographers in creating a ballet. The elements of music, design and stage craft will also be discussed and illustrated.

Part 2 The presentation, with full scenery and costumes of one Act from Frederick Ashton's "La Fille Mal Gardée".

OPERA THEATRE
1.00 pm November 16

ROSS THORNE

Melbourne's Lost Theatres

(PART 2)



George Thomas (left) A scene from Merbeth with G. M. Brooke (right) as Macbeth and R. Young

In 1861 Coppin was having difficulties at the Theatre Royal. He lost a legal battle for possession, so decided to go into direct opposition to it by building another theatre a little up the hill on the opposite side of Bourke Street, extending through to Little Collins Street (1862). It was the Royal Haymarket, later the Duke of Edinburgh, destroyed by fire in 1871. It was also quite up-to-date in design the P.T. Casant being more conventionally Victorian in the auditorium, but still without a fly tower above the stage. Although the latter was 85 feet deep Comfort was being introduced with every seat in the stalls and dress circle being upholstered in red damask, and every bench in other parts of the house supplied with a back rest.

Coppin toured the USA as an actor in the company of Charles Kean and Ellen Tree from 1864, returning to Melbourne to once again take over the Theatre Royal (1866), but only to be devastated by the

enslaved building being burnt to ashes in March 1872. He rented the St George's Hall next door (later rebuilt as Hoyts Palace/Luxury theatre) and performed there until he arranged a partnership to purchase the ground lease on the Royal site and rebuild. The most extraordinary aspect of this venture was its being designed by George Brown and built within eight months. It opened in November 1873 as another large four level theatre, and based on similar dimensions to the previous one, but this time very much in the English Victorian opera house style of design. The architect's constructional drawings are still in existence and from these Susan Clarke has set up a perspective drawing accurately showing the spatial design and major decorative elements, major decoration has been assumed from written descriptions and similar designs of the time.

J. C. Williamson took over the lease of the Royal in 1882, had the auditorium rebuilt

on three levels in 1904 then sold it for demolition in 1933.

Apart from the predecessors in the Princess, Arbansham, Palace and the Majesty Theatres there were two other important houses built in the last thirty years of the 19th century and one in the first decade of the 20th century. They were the Prince of Wales Opera House later Troika (1873), and the Academy of Music, later Regent (1886) and Kings, later Barclay cinema (1908).

Melbourne's Opera House, like the Royal, has been detailed elsewhere, however suffice it to say that this four level theatre was poorly designed from the aspect of audience safety and after a series of running battles with the licensing authority, it was forced to be rebuilt in 1899 for Harry Richards of the original Troika woodenline fame. (However the original Opera House was appreciated by Melbourne Punch 28/6/1873 for its decoration and look of (New.) The Troika opened in 1901 in Bourke Street opposite the Royal. The architect, Backhouse and Co had designed it in the Victorian style on three levels still with the usual forest of cast-iron posts supporting the two tiers above the stalls. The stage was 60 by 64 feet with a large property room and block of dressing rooms off on the prompt side. It was originally heated by a small four story hotel in French Renaissance style. The capacity of 1,539 was reduced to 1,402 in 1906 when major alterations were carried out to become a cinema for a short period after the Troika Casant concluded its business and a fire prompted its removal in the 1960's.

The Regent, a few doors up the road from the Troika was a much admired theatre even if it never achieved the good or ill fame of some of its competitors. It was small, seating on three levels only 1,300 patrons and would therefore have had the intimacy now associated with Robert's Theatre Royal. Also uncommon for the



The Duke of Edinburgh Haymarket Theatre. Destruction by fire in 1871.



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Theatre Royal Perspective of auditorium constructed from the architect's working drawings (1872) by Susan Clarke



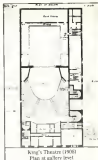
King's Theatre (1908) Russell Street near Bourke Street

ture was its bareness: tables for chess circle persons. This 300 feet long space had a bevelled tiled floor and was lined on one side with arched stained glass windows and ivy-paneled curtains, and on the other by large mirrors to deceive the frasers, a series of handsome basket-cupped chandeliers lit the room at night.

During a season by Brumm and Brummell in 1880 it was burnt out in a disastrous fire which killed two persons. It was rebuilt in association with the Palace Hotel which also contained space which was used as the Gaiety Theatre, for music hall-style variety. Brummell ran this with his National Entertainers in the early years of this century before it and the Hippo were taken over by the management of Sir John and John Fuller. The Hippo remained an old style theatre, occasionally being used for films, until an out-of-work actors company performed for a short period in The Depressions before its demolition in 1934.

The King's on Russell Street site has received little historical attention, yet it was designed by William Pitt, the architect

for the present Princess Theatre. Although leased for most of its stage life by Williams (it was frequently sub-let) and perhaps did not achieve the fame of the Royal or Her Majesty, William Anderson had the original management; he was running two companies at the time but most of his productions were "starring" melodramas sprinkled with elaborate spectacles. In opposition to ICW's, 3 and 4 Tait ran the theatre for their production, starring amongst others, Maggie Moore and Edgley and Drew (1916), and the Tait brothers amalgamated with the older entrepreneur, Francis Fuller and Gamut Carroll held the King's before the Norman Bridge of Greater Union Theatres bought



King's Theatre (1908)
Plan at gallery level

the freehold for himself in 1947, and converted it to a modern cinema in 1959. Up until this date it had been the typical three tier theatre with domed auditorium and a stage 53 ft wide by 80 ft deep "arranged for the presentation of sensational scenes in which live cattle or dogs, motor cars, etc., may be necessary for the purposes of realism" (Merritt, 18/5/1908).

These were the major city theatres which have disappeared without trace in the last 120 years. A future article will relate the history of the buildings on the sites of the current old established theatres.

*These buildings have been mentioned at length in books by the same author: *Theatre Buildings in Australia to 1955* and *Theatres in Australia* distributed by Book People of Australia.



Hippo Theatre prior to the fire of 1880. For a house of only 1,000 persons this was a somewhat ungoverned sketch

In April Richard Mills wrote about NIDA. This month Jenifer Hooks looks at The Australian Film and Television School.



AFTVS Television Studio

In April Richard Mills wrote about NIDA. This month Jenifer Hooks looks at The Australian Film and Television School.

In the late sixties when little was to be seen being waged all over the country to have the "Arts" portfolios reformed from their joint lumping with environment and the shambles at the bottom of the Ministerial scrapheap, the idea of an Australian Film School was reborn. (Reborn, because it was first mentioned in the 1938 Report of the Royal Commission on the Moving Picture Industry in Australia.)

Fifty years later, the Australian Film and Television School has just launched its first graduates of the full-time, three year course into the industry. They join twelve other graduates of a one-year Internum Course held in 1973.

Film Schools are problematical, particularly and uniquely to thisrown industry. "Can you teach film and television?" It was a question pondered by many at the film industry who had struggled "up the hard way" for years in the face of a disinterested government and the American distribution monopoly. And by many in the television industry, who had broken all the rules twenty years before to get television off the ground in time for the Melbourne Olympic Games. "Great days" they recall — patch-working mono-wave tubes that were blown off the top of the MCG in the wind and driving what was then euphemistically called an outside broadcast van at breakneck speed from the Olympic Pool to the MCG to catch all those gold medals Australia won. They were proud of themselves and they had a right to be. But such challenges and enthusiastic fervour slipped away in the sixties and Australia became as good a market for English and American television as it was for film.

It was June, 12 May 1973, after much discussion, many commitments, three reports and the establishment of a pilot course, the Film and Television School Act was passed unanimously in parliament to be seen whether the School will fulfil Gough Whitlam's belief that it would "provide an important stimulus to film and television

in Australia". And whether the students can prove themselves and the School to the men who looked their houses to make their films in the days before government training and investment in the industry.

Torment women and twelve men began the inaugural course in Chateauwood. On the first morning they were all presented with coffee mugs inscribed with their own names. It was all very cosy. Together that year they made twenty five films.

After a year or so at Chateauwood, the School moved to a building in the Lynn Park Industrial Estate at North Ryde, less than inspiring geographically, but inside the long-suffered school in the world.

When two years later, interim-graduate Gid Armstrong was commissioned to make a film about the Film School, *A Time and a Space*, the students aptly responded "What time and what space?" With two subsequent years' misadventure, the School reached its full complement of seventy five students, and the building suddenly shrank. Time became a few letter word which came up frequently at meetings held to decide where to find enough of it to make films.

That problem has been partially solved by restructuring the School. For the first two years, twenty two and twenty four students respectively were intimated in every facet of film-making. The form and content of their second and third years was to be "involved in consultation between staff and students". That was optimistic. By 1977 things had changed. Applicants were asked to nominate a workshop in which to specialise — production, editing, sound or camera. And it was made clear that in the third year, only a small number of selected students would direct a major work. This system is bureaucratically pragmatic, if not exactly popular with the students. And it is certainly more acceptable to an industry which won't at all sure how it was going to cope with twenty four against seventeen per annum.

First year students spend the initial part of the year becoming thoroughly familiar with their chosen craft. Each workshop is headed by an industry professional or in contract to the School. Students also spend some time becoming at least minimally acquainted with every other workshop — and television. Consequently they study the history of cinema under the evocative tutelage of Professor Jerzy Topolitz, former head of Poland's Film School, now Director of Australia's Students are also intensely drilled in the history and politics of the Australian film and broadcasting industries.

About half way through the year, first-years begin to crew up on second and third year films in production. Or they have the opportunity to take attachments on projects in the outside industry. Attachments are a method of learning encouraged when they can be found in, and are of obvious benefit to students, especially those who have not had former

experience in the commercial film and television industries. Attachments can vary from two days at a local film laboratory to six weeks on a feature film shoot. Several students have taken attachments overseas. They can be purely observation and a means of getting to know people in the industry, or they can be definite jobs — albeit menial — which in many cases provide the student's first real taste of the on-hour day, six-day week business of film-making. The experience is excellent (assuming that in this situation even bad experience is good) and the feedback from those who have taken School students has been overwhelmingly positive.

The Australian Film and Television School in turn provides short courses for students from related institutions. Last year it hosted the first course for students from the Conservatorium of Music, and early this year, first-year NIDA students spent two weeks working with the School's facilities. These arrangements are obviously mutually beneficial.

Although attendance at the School is nominally open to all, a forty hour week is a minimum for most students. A great deal of out of hours time is spent in preparing shooting and editing procedures whilst scheduled activities are attended during the day. Students are well-prepared for the sixty hour weeks they will meet in the industry, and the team of *Storyboard* around deadline time schedules many into the eighty hour bracket. And as the Union has banned work on Sundays, so has the Film School. The doors are locked and the day of rest is spent catching up on the latest releases round town or writing the papers necessary to fulfill the School's growing desire for academic respectability.

Week nights are also often filled with scheduled activities — from film screenings to lectures or specialist workshops. Most of the new Australian films are given screened in the School's Main Theatre. Viewing celebrities and dignitaries also lecture in the Theatre quite regularly. These sessions are open to interested people outside the School and are usually taped — with student crews.

Yet for all the fine facilities and completeness from the famous, the frantic activity and golden opportunity, the atmosphere at the Australian Film and Television School is less than vibrant — and very different from the feeling that impresses visitors to NIDA. Are the divisions and differences anything more than one would expect to find amongst any group of rather odd, rather creative people thrown together in a public service place?

In 1976, Professor Topolitz described the School as "a testing ground for future film and television makers, the place where they can find the necessary equipment and new tricks at their disposal, where they can make films without being hampered in their efforts by commercial barriers, market conditions or the wishes and orders of producers and censors".

But since the School assumes the role of

A TIME AND A SPACE ...

Executive Producer on all student films, and since they are so concerned with industry compliance of their diploma, the wishes and orders of producers have inevitably and perhaps even unconsciously crept in to limit the efforts of student film makers. However unfettered has been the creative, the commitment is often not made on the same state of mind. Whether this is a good or bad thing is debatable, it just isn't quite what the Professor had in mind, and inevitably some disillusionment creeps from unmet ideal and expectations.

Worse is the censorship role. Colin Young, Director of the National Film School in Great Britain has pointed out that new and subversive ideas develop in Film Schools in this country it takes great strength for a government financed institution to support, let alone advance ideas, or even old but political ones. Last year the Australian Film and Television School warned on censorship several times. Such a school should be capable of bearing a radical tag, and had they made a stand to reinforce a lead on contemporary issues, one wonders whether it might not have helped Film Australia's recent con-

front over *The Unknown Indulgent Professor*. When critics of the industry are screaming for contemporary themes and honest, clear-eyed appraisals of Australian society, it is disappointing that the Film and Television School is not paving the way in spearheading a frank and free approach. If Australian films are non-conformist, is it any wonder?

Other problems include the ratio of women to men. After an idyllic inauguration as International Women's Year, when thirteen women took up the course, only three were selected the following year and seven in 1977. This year the number was down again, to only five. Any complaints about NIDA's selection of new women and barren men, pale in comparison to Film School policy.

NIDA is older and it has already paid in an impressive list of graduates over twenty years, its first priority has remained the creative development of its students and budgetary emphasis is always on training. Perhaps this commitment, and its associated bureaucratic apparatus are factors contributing to the dedicated and creative atmosphere at NIDA.

One thing that frustrated the teaching

staff image of the Film and Television School was the recent festival of graduate films. At both public screenings, there was standing room only (although strangely enough, very few of the seats were taken up by School management and staff) and the audience response to the students' films, renewed optimism. Industry screenings also provided positive comment on technical competence, diversity of theme and style and production values. It showed what could be achieved from the early atmosphere of idealism, relatively free creative development, and well directed funds. The next few years will determine whether the Australian Film and Television School can recapture its early spark, its idealism and a sense of its own destiny in the Australian film and television industry, and can thus maintain its ability to attract the top people for which it was obviously designed. If it's standing room only at next year's production screening — and the one after — perhaps the Australian School might not need the ranks in the wastelands of Academia, but might take its place on the short list of internationally relevant film and television Schools.

... AND A COMMON GROUND.

AFTVS — an applicant's eye view

by May Kamillion (pseudonym for tax evasion dahlings!)

Ben Star did not get into NIDA, but May Kamillion was, to her great surprise, invited for the Australian Film & Television School.

It took a whole day to prove to the selection panel that you were "creative". There were several tests — and four different interview panels each consisting of three people — the relevant workshop head, a member of School management, and an industry person.

Applicants were clustered in rooms doing the various tests prescribed by the workshop at their choice, editing, commercial or production. Others were looking at a movie, about "enhancing" for their panel interview. And that constant of student hospitals was being photographed by a couple of severely badly dressed and nearly spoken ladies who read Clio between takes. It was all a bit maddening.

The first test for applicant editors was to be locked in a room with a movie, a splicer and a strip of film containing thirty shots, twelve of which were to be used to make a story. "Where's the button?" I asked, bleeping my nose background in the electronic noise. They weren't amused, but politely introduced me to the splicer. The exercise wasn't easy, as it took the funny way out with something reminiscent of Monty Python — but again they were not amused. So on to the next test — a

series of still photographs — put them together to make another story. There were three predictable options — I didn't use any. "I don't rank on given work" was the comment. Well that wasn't unexpected. Next we had to watch a movie and answer specific questions about it. It was a National Film Board of Canada production which made me a bit crabby at an expense test in the Australian Film and Television School. However I barred that and answered the questions. Another applicant was finally writing six pages as his brain dried. I got up and went to lunch.

Coming back, I got stuck in a traffic jam — but it didn't matter because by this time I knew I wouldn't get into this creative institution. I wouldn't relate to the ladies reading Clio, the applicant with long hair and patched jeans — or the great mounds of the interview panel. "What's your favourite movie?" "The Wizard of Oz." "Solace." "Parasite Filmmaker!" they asked hopefully. "Well, Disney." Dead silence? We moved passively around a few more topics. "What do you read?" They were getting desperate now! While it is that when somebody asks you what you read you can't think of a single title you've put away in the last five years!! "Why do you want to do editing?" "I enjoy it." "Do you want to direct?" "No." (What was a crucial question I later discovered! We moved on

to television, a subject in which I was a little better grounded than European cinema. And finally we reached the only support for an hour on the subject of *Prerec at Hong Kong Road*.

Then miraculously it was all over. I flew for the door. "You will exit outside please!" Oh no — the parking meter would run-out. "Turner be the minute I was called back to be told I was still in the running — the surprise to end the day of surprise — but I knew that meant nothing, borders have got used a little later. And I got the damned punk parking slip — \$10-00 for all that!"

A couple of months later, I got a yellow slip — a congratulatory telegram. So did the little guy in the patched jeans. It didn't matter much to either of us. It would have gone on working in television. He would have gone on making a crust from commercial work he made his grand film. It is difficult to judge where we might have been if we hadn't been transported to Sydney, but perhaps the most important thing is that we rediscovered the excitement of the School maker. For three years we now work together with different other students. When we go our separate ways again, we will share a common ground, a common understanding which is unique in the history of the Australian film and television industry.

REX & JIM

A story



Rex Crumpton



Jennifer Clute



John Gaden



Hayley Norris

The story of the Paris Theatre has not yet been fully researched but we know that when it opened in 1913 as *The Australian Players Palace* in a Barley Griffin designed complex that also included shop and office space, it presented almost 5000 interspersed with stage shows. Later renamed *The Taffin*, it housed live companies, including one associated with Peter Finch. When the theatre, then known as *The Park*, was taken over by Hoyts in the 1950's it was again renamed this time as *The Park*, and used as a long run movie house. Hoyts allowed the lease to lapse and the theatre was empty for some time until, in June 1977, John Allen, an independent manager, took up the lease for the presentation of new music concerts and underground films. When, at the end of 1977, our projected season of new plays for the Seymour Centre fell through, John Allen offered the Paris as a possible home for a new theatre company. In taking up this offer we have had two closely related objectives: to present the Australian plays intended for the Seymour Centre season on an independent basis (the plays in question are Dorothy Hewett's *Pandora's Curse*, Louis Mouchet's *Venus* and Patrick White's *A House for Mr. Bland*), and to form a company for their presentation. We see this as an opportunity to set up a better working situation for all concerned than any we have hitherto encountered. For this new company which announced the venture we devised the three broad policy statements which follow. Each of the statements is here accompanied by some specific comments from one or the other of us, or from a member of the company.

1. The aim of the Paris Company is to tell the story of our times.

JIM:

Early experiences like seeing the first productions of the Patrick White plays and the first Barry Humphries shows gave me an insight into the way theatre can reveal our own lives to us in an immediate and direct way. I've come to feel that this is the real role of the theatre. To show people who they are, how they relate to one another and to the world around them, is to enrich a culture, however small and it may be to accept the reflection of itself. Of course, since the 60's there have been many other writers with explicit aims of the same kind, but the life giving element of poetry and imagination, first revealed to me in the White plays, has always seemed to me both the most important and the best developed in Australian theatrical writing. Although other members of the company may choose different ways of

articulating it, I feel that the desire for a less naturalistic, or more poetic, a more imaginative theatre is common to all the actors, writers and designers who have been drawn together in the venture — it is certainly something that Rex and I have in common, and it is certainly the basic orientation of the company's artistic policy.

REX:

One of the great difficulties we face is the scarcity of the venture. At the moment we are uncertain as to whether initial fund-raising will take us any further than the first production. This puts an undue pressure on it — we cannot humanely solve all the problems of beginning the sort of company we want in the short period before we begin rehearsal on the first play. The establishment of the principles on which the company operates needs to be seen as a developing process not as a kind of immediate declaration of human rights. However, it seems to me that at least one long-standing pre-occupation of mine may be included for consideration in these planning stages: the development of a distinctive company style — not only in relation to the selection of material, the design of the productions, the choice of graphic style in which the company presents itself but, most importantly of all, in relation to the performance itself, the acting style. We must look our way towards a style of performance that will be uniquely suited to telling 'the story of our times'. The planned work for this year, being new and Australian, will give us a chance to discover such a style for ourselves, on our own terms, and later, from the security of it, we will be able to re-examine classical and the work of other writers and other periods.

2. The aim of the Paris Company is to make the story-tellers responsible for the way the story is told.

REX & JIM:

It would be impossible to start a theatre company in Australia without some notion of a co-operative and democratic ideal — just as realistic is the conventional management for whom we have all worked. How far these ideals can be pursued into practice will become apparent as we go along — our first play has been to assemble a group of actors, designers and technical people who wish to be associated with the idea of the company, who can contribute to its formation, and who can also present the first season of plays. Such artists will be known as associates of the company and will continue to work with it as often as

of our times

possible while the company continues its existence. In each production one member of the acting company will be elected as a representative in all planning decisions made by the artists, business and theatre managers. The main consideration in planning the working structure is to allow for all degrees of involvement and responsibility, not only for the actors but also for the technical staff, the designers, the publicists — to some extent our whole range of the company is formed as machines to those working situations we have all encountered where various linked business dig their individual burrows hoping that someone up above knows what the plan is.

3. The aim of the Paris Company is to make the story worth the price of a ticket.

REX & JIM:

The trend in theatre seems to be towards increasingly small companies playing in increasingly large suburbs. One of our primary intentions is to confront the problem of commercial viability — we feel that with an eight hundred-seat theatre, large-scale plays and productions and an all-star company, that there is a good possibility of the venture's financial success. We propose to keep the price of the five hundred and fifty stalls seats at \$5 and, while tickets will be available in advance at the usual agencies, the stalls will not be numbered. This, together with the central city location and the availability of seats at the door, should make the decision to see a play as easy and anonymous a matter as the decision to see a film. In short we hope to interest a large, general audience in the Paris and we do not think we will, in the words Patrick White used at our press conference, "lead them panting back to their suburbs". For indicators of our financial arrangements I have asked Elizabeth Knight, our company manager, for a short statement.

ELIZABETH:

At present we are constituted as a trust company. The five trustees are the two artistic managers, the theatre manager and the company manager. Our initial capital for production costs is being raised by donations and by fundraising events like the recent auction of paintings given by twelve Sydney artists. As data of writing we have raised two thirds of the estimated first production budget. Our on-going financial arrangements include the donation of the services of all personnel during the rehearsal period of the first production, the acceptance of universal injuries (\$2500 during the run, and the sharing of profits after it. We hope that the cost of

essential renovation of the theatre will be borne by the State Government and the City Council. A large number of talented people are, as usual, subsidizing this theatre venture with their time, energy and money in the hope of founding a company on principles of integrity, freedom and professionalism.

The personnel already assembled in the name of the Paris Company make an impressive list: actors include Jonathan Chase, Arthur Dignam, Kate Fitzpatrick, John Gaudin, Julie McGivern, Robyn Mevins, Neil Redfern, Geraldine Turner and John Paramee; designers include Luciana Arrighi and Brian Thomson; company manager is Elizabeth Knight; stage manager is Bill Walker; production manager is Jane Esmersk; publicists are Gil Appleton and Fran Moore. Arthur Dignam has been elected actors' representative for the first production and it seemed appropriate that I should ask him for an indication of the sort of contribution he sees himself making. His reply, which follows, shows Arthur's interest in the director's role — an interest we hope to see pursued into practice at the Paris.

ARTHUR:

An actor's first responsibility is to the text. What does it say? What does the playwright intend? This may sound simple but it is not. Think how often, even with someone whose conversational style is harsher to you, you are forced to ask "What did you say?" and further "Well what do you mean by that?" Unfortunately as actors, we don't do this often enough. The four-week rehearsal period, imposed by considerations of economy rather than craft, is no help, but the real problem is our own tendency to assume rather than investigate. And we make assumptions not only about plays but also about ourselves, about our craft. Usually, in my experience, the director has made several company assumptions about the play before he starts rehearsal. These assumptions may or may not be relevant to the text — they are more probably relevant to a performer once he sees it. Witnessing in 1963, for these circumstances an actor's function has little to do with the craft of acting and a great deal to do with survival. And the end result? Well, a text isn't a play — a play is a public experience and a text is a private one. The gap, in rarely bridged. Mostly what the public see is a more or less animated *over*, constantly threatening to breathe on last, and manifesting symptoms of life only because the actors have abandoned their screens, absorbing and rewarding craft, in order to man the oxygen pump.



Jon Sharman



Geraldine Turner



Arthur Dignam



Julie McGivern

International

Bogdan Gieraczynski

Hungary has never known avant-garde theatre.



1972: Twentieth performance of *Ballad of Mazon* at Győr, Hungary's Theatre of Győr, Győr.

Hungary with its population of two and a half million has things that theatre like its capital Budapest. The cultural centre of the country has only eleven theatres. This is not much for a two and a half million metropolis. The theatre does not seem to be the strongest side of Hungary's arts and life and that state of affairs is frankly admitted by Hungarians themselves. A similar conclusion suggests itself when you consider the building of theatres there apart from the modern Madách Theatre, all the other theatre halls either date back to the 19th century or have been adapted from cabaret and concert halls and even concert houses.

In spite of the fact that the first theatre in Hungary was opened in the town of Sopron in 1789 and another in Budapest in 1774 the development of this domain of art has been uneven and many aspects of a neglected domain in the tradition of Hungarian theatre have been light opera and low comedy with plays about the life of the middle classes accounting for a considerable share of the repertoire. The great romantic dramas by Mihály Vörösmarty (1800-1853) and Ferenc

Iskollós (1812-1881) have often been respectfully staged but somewhere around the measurement of classical life had had little effect on it. Hungary has never known what we call avant-garde theatre. Most has in fact had an outstanding dramatic movement able to shake or even slightly rock the fossilised tradition. Hungarian theatre has positively been to actual theatre inclined to shun and improve to look from the outside world. Thus being conservative tradition will weigh heavily on it. The audience, which have got used to a more or less collected and shows are honest.

First attempts have already been made in Budapest. László Csizsák has for seven years been running the experimental 21 Theatre. In the provinces, where they say things look better young directors are trying, with varying success, to realise their utopian aesthetic. Also the staging of plays by contemporary Hungarian and foreign playwrights, complex directors to look for new forms and ways of producing them. According to Hungarian theatre makers themselves their theatre is in the children.

Younger Hungarian actors sometimes look for new ways of doing things. The celebrated actor Miklós Gábor gave up Budapest for the little town of Keszthely where, that's odd just old director Árpád Rácz who is believed to be an advocate of Brechtian ideas works in the local theatre which is noted for its artless, consistently spare. This theatre also produces mainly classical works — the famous productions of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, Shakespeare's tragedies, *Longinus* — but it stands firm as a theatre of purposing its motto, in relation to the world and not as material for building up a performance. The leading actor of the National Theatre at Budapest, Máté Horváth has for almost four years appeared on the stage of the 21 Theatre as a guest artist in twelve highly successful plays. *Longinus*, Margit Madách's *The play* was directed by a former actor of the National Theatre, István Árkai.

The 21 Theatre is an experimental theatre, embracing the content of its work, space, its the highest stage of its evolution. The theatre was characterised by a certain homogeneity in its activities in linguistic literature and scenery. It had a preference for poetic, cultured works. 1977 evaluation has based on a comparison of old, new and other in Budapest, movement figures one can hardly speak of a homogeneous subject of the theatre. In the great national play *Ballad of Mazon* from Győr provided an opportunity for putting on a most unusual show with great elements of experimental and circus.

The 21 Theatre also staged *Ballad of Mazon*, Adam's Wife, a comedy of an old Hungarian ballad by the theatre's manager and director László Csizsák. A variety of things took the whole theatre seriously. In the process, the goals the mission of Mazon Adam's wife as a sacrifice and mission for her own the belief. In the director's version it is a story of family efforts to build the edifice of human life, happiness, beauty, peace. It, however, keeps reminding the sacrifice of Adam's wife is not an act of devotion but will it have any moral purpose? The symbols, scenes of the play suggest dreams.

The 21 Theatre has a small audience, seating no more than a hundred. Before this month eight actors perform the parts take made up of many gestures, symbols, scenes in which redneck robes shoulders with philosophical reflection. The actors are very skilled. They use their voices in a masterly manner, they begin with unrelenting repetitive words, which gradually combine into words and whole sentences. Also the use of the body is very expressive.

in man, that is the Hingman's road towards the modern theatre.

Another play *Lord Lear* devised by Carolyn Kappas, was described in a programme note as "a version by the 25 Thians". It was an honest statement for King Lear had been discredited and "discredited" the discrediting has been allowed so that *Clarelita* the great and good people gain the upper hand. It, that's cap with ray bells because in this play a token of aristocracy. It is worn by those who were wronged in the past. *Clarelita's* coming to power is a recompense. In this way the subplot was to have appeared as a token of some. But a second mostly ceremonial, not as all belonging a tragedy by Shakespeare.

Talking of Shakespeare, the Madach Theatre in Budapest recently produced *Othello* directed by Olay Adnan. The performance progressed in a good pace, was compact and elegant. However there was a drawback to the production: the scenery. But this is a weak point of all Hungarian theatres. There are surely no scenery designers for them and no schools for them. But there is the work of great painters. The Venice of *Othello* is painted with a light heavily damped with white cloth. The costumes are beautiful. What a pity for against the background of an inner stage, including a variety of outfits. Decorative young and young is rendered satisfactorily. Minor parts are acted skillfully. But the truly great irritants are *Othello* and Iago.

Othello is played by Ferenc Bencsik, an actor with a splendid low voice and a satisfying vocal-driven performance. He has a massive appearance and dignified demeanour and his acting is measured and open to its natural manifestations. If *Othello* is a great creation, then Iago played by Peter Bencsik is a stunning feature of a great new conception of the part. He is a young, gay, lively man. No fiend. He is simply mischievous and likes to play nasty tricks on people. Just as subtle as *Othello*. The best plot production of *Othello* was one of the most successful plays and scenes of the last season.

The National Theatre in Pecs is a big enterprise. It has an orchestra fifty years, twenty wings, a balcony and an orchestra. It operates two stages and apart from evening performances, gives a great number of concerts for children and young people. The National Theatre in Pecs seems to prefer modern plays to classical works. An hour such an enterprise can be made from the programme for the last season. In the first half of the season Hungarian drama was represented by two writers, the outstanding poet Gyula Illyés and the recent dramatist István Székely. The former wrote a historical comedy, *Dance Among His Anks*, the action of which is set against the background of a struggle to defend the Reformation in Transylvania, while the latter is the author of a philosophical play called *The Paper Station*. *Dance* which is dramatically related to *Lenin*. *The Paper* and *Lenin*. *Playing At Being Called* Székely's

play was made by the theatre into a great show about life, humanism and organic debauchery.

It was not by chance that the historical and current drama made its appearance in Pecs. A characteristic of Hungarian theatrical life is a preponderance of historical themes in plays by modern playwrights. Historical plays are natural out of the tradition, by which so different as Gyula Horváth, Gyula Illyés and Mihály Székely. These work is based on a thorough knowledge of history and an insight into the nature of social problems.

A Hungarian specialty is operetta, above all the traditional repertoire of László Csikós, László Erdős. Modern operettas are also very popular. I saw one of them on the smaller stage of the Opera Theatre. It was *Harmony* by Gyula Illyés, which a few years ago made a hit on Broadway. Hungarian director László Székely staged it in one of the loyals of the theatre, a small hall, making no more than one hundred. No stage, but lights. Actors sang without make-up, in everyday clothes. — Anyway the action takes place in modern times. — mingle with the audience — enter among the chairs, sit on chair arms. The whole has the air of an informal musical party.

What is Hungarian drama? — *Scholar* — in Hungary — say? Modern very good, not very bad. It is an average that is perhaps even quite good. It may not be very original, but it is sometimes ambitious and tries hard to find its own style.

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY at the **PLAYHOUSE**

Performing June 26 to July 22 at the Playhouse

A HAPPY AND HOLY OCCASION

by John O'Donoghue

The W.A. premiere of this nostalgic comedy, which won the National Play Competition in 1974. The O'Mahon family held a party for their son Christy, who is about to start his long studies for the priesthood. They hope the guests will present the boy with some much-needed cash to cover the costs of outfitting him. The evening, however, produces many unexpected developments! The dialogue is brilliant, with a fine understanding of the blood and guts of the typically Irish and Australian characters.

Directed by Stephen Barry

Artists appearing in these productions include: Rod Barr, Morris Canning, Robert Faggetter, Margaret Ford, Andy King, Ivan King, Robert van Marckenburg, Jenny McNeil, Leone Martin-Smith, Edgar Metcalfe, Joan Sydney, Leslie Wright. Both Productions designed by Sue Russell.

The Playhouse, 3 Pier Street, Perth 6000 W.A.

Performing July 26 to August 15 at the Playhouse

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by Arnold Ridley

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Directed by Edgar Metcalfe

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surface appear matted. The actor obviously finds difficulty in getting into McElvrey's skin to his own satisfaction, and his uncertainty tends to show Doubtless after playing a few more performances, both Cunningham and Day will be as hot as their fellow players.

Deprogrammed is a play which should be in the repertoire of all national companies. It appears to possess much potential for a television. And it belongs. Macfarland's other plays can reach the heights of this one, he undoubtedly is all set to become a big international name.

Misguided idea about what acting is

TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA

WILLIAMS

For the most thorough background information, please visit our Conference Proceedings, Melbourne & London Policy Blog

Of all the things that have been done in the name of the rights of the oppressed, the spread of despotism, to and on Shakespeare, more are indefatigable in terms of these locale, fashion and time. The man wrote a few plays off which the composition of the language has been feeding ever since. He's part of Australia's heritage too, and the part of it is the lack of interest by the major companies (I'm not excepted) to discover an approach stemming from our culture. It has been left to fringe groups to have a go. Some have been successful. James McGaughey and Thomas Property's *Othello* of a few years ago and some not, like Old Swan's *Twelfth* at the Swan Picture

one of those persons who is misguided when about what acting entails in a production that is even of little artistic value, especially when the subject of the Firm Factory requires a real sense of distance for any words at all to be heard in this production the under-graduate witness must then about any research word was audible. And the not think that director Poon King was aware of this. There was, with this exception, a deliberate attempt to physically and vocally portray the opposite of what the sense of the speech intended. This perversion of the language is OK if it some kind of theoretical point is being made, but in a production which was supposed to emphasize the narrative and several aspects of the play it was even than a distraction. It was a disaster.

The same applied to the physical aspect of the production. Every opportunity for artificial groupings, buffonery running around in circles, and making things hard to follow was taken.

The maestro to all this was David Kendall, who used experience and skill to the service of sense to give a beautifully controlled series of performances. Not that he was stretching someone and using the odd bit of grotesquerie, but he seemed to know what and why he was doing it. His performances gave some idea of what might be done. By some other means.



Tom Farley (Dad), Dee Nade (Deena) and Maggie Kirkpatrick (Maggie) in the Old Time's Show. Hosts: Robert McMillan

Deftly constructed
humorous play

15

ROBERT PAGE

On to High School: The Fox Theater Company, South
Thames, Surrey, UK. Contact: Dr. Alex. M. (Alex) Foster, Alex.Foster@foxtheatre.co.uk
Southampton: Clapton, James, Birmingham, UK. Contact:
Alex. M. (Alex) Foster, Alex.Foster@foxtheatre.co.uk

Cheerleader Wang Xiaojiao's Green dress looking so fresh
Funny Movie Maggie Cheung's lovely smile and face
Surfing Queen She Kuo-ling, the First Ladies
Watch The Yellow Peril Shih Kien's character

High Leonard's *Die 22* at the cinema, the camp, period, media, a vision and a vision of home and past through the eyes of a mobile agent. Usually such autobiographically based pieces are the first species of awakening talent not the aftermath after two or three years of a career mostly concerned with looking the fashionable radio, TV and film media. The suggestion that this can often lead to a paired recognition in the central character which Max Mehlman did not achieve, however.

The setting is Ireland, or perhaps largely the mind of Charlie, Leonard's persona, for the play is as much a visualization of confrontations with characters long since dead or ephases of memory tapes of incidents in youth, as opposed to straight flashback. The springboard for old revelations of the past is the death of old linear father Da, and the consequent return of Charlie after a long absence is not out the line effects of this unimpor-

spread salt all the earth, into heavy particles

[illegible]

Charlie, though, was always different. More adventuresome both in his career for insurance, outgrowing his parents by early adolescence, and his first sexual stirring in a party furnished with the Yellow Ford, the local lake. Jack had earned parental disfavor the one a betrayal of class, the other of small town Catholic morality. The young man does not feel paid for involvement and rejection which from Burkman as "Charlie's First" adventure becomes just

His strong influence in his literary years as Mr. Urmann: philosophical scepticism and later cynicism, starting points of socialist sentiment he carried some times home again. The character is, one assumes, based on Joyce — and played on a book, still by Dan Halls — a form of learned himself of whose works he has done many adaptations. Unfortunately the play is so Partisan of the artist revolving around moments of historicism of building frames, not even a Prometheus borrowing under the face of reality. Rather it hangs on the axis of modernism, after all the revolution has seemed for of all that was past, that the

up with "Revolutionary Analysis of the Class Situation among the Oppressed of Europe as Provided at the Lodgings of K. Marx." He has chosen to act the three acts of his play in a London which seems the product of a reading of Deleuze that provides both style and substance with a comfortably familiar starting point. The orthodox naturalism of the poor and its occasional characteristics prevent the audience from gaining any new insights. As Marx says with enough friends and orthodox evolutionism, opening his conversation with supposedly revealing pronouncements ("If you attempt to influence workers without a body of doctrine and clear scientific ideas, then you are playing an empty and unwise chess game") we are simply meant to see coming alive before us the witless, arrogant yet fascinating figure who advocated solidarity and revolution. Instead we get a cardboard critical, smugging pontifical placard in between plugging anachronistic one-liners which would seem more appropriate in the mouth of a bad stand-up comic, or as a escape from a web New Simon conversation paper (Example: Leverage On, Marx [Marx name], you've got enough problems without mine. After Tailor Leverage [in english After So in the rest. What's new?]) I feel sure that a cursory reading of Marx's correspondence would have yielded better examples of his wit than the above used, etc.

GH claims, one can counter such objections to the play by saying that it is Blair's pursuit of Marx rather than history's which is relevant for the play. True — were it not for the fact that, far from offering us an ironic or even questioned view of Marx, Blair merely reinforces him. The structure of the play points to an archetypal, second-hand quality. Act One — Marx chews on his pipe, playing chess, discussing revolution, being read: screening the ancient, Act Two — Marx and the capitalist world without, what better than a pseudohistorical/pseudosociological of the macrocosm where exchange and exploitation hold-swell with chaos with the butcher and a pseudo-owner and finally thought from yet another alternative revolution off. Act Three — as the Act One, though now it's time for a darker mood and more ironic things, Marx the mighty man representing firms of global scale.

The most formidable barrier confronting the Mass of that play is the pile of verbiage and all things considered, Ned Fitzpatrick's paper will especially be the first act, where he imports energy and substance to the lines. But the characters are, for the most part, stock stage Greenesque, lacking nuance and any real motivation, so that by the third act, one knows that the ground has been well and truly covered. Some of the supporting roles are quite shrewdly written and observed: Paul Smollett's Wilber and Michael Sherry's Schlemmer stood out best, with the former providing a nice counterweight to Ned Fitzpatrick's coarseness (at the role, not the performer). The others had fairly thankless tasks, and one Nik for Donald Sals and Robin Bonner who were

clearly deposited in the power shop more for the author's convenience than for the conducting of any business. They were not helped either by the setting of Colonel George's direction, both of which appeared extremely deliberate and unambiguous. In particular, the pointing for audience response is supposedly effective sign language shown by both author and director had misinterpreted

It may be that Ross Barr, who

THE WINTER'S TALE

DOI: 10.1002/for

19. **Wannern:** Jede ein- oder mehrtägige Reise zu einem bestimmten Ziel, das Wintern, Angeln (als Hobby) oder Fahren (Wagen o. ein Boot) bedeutet. **Wintersport:** (als Hobby) Skifahren, Schlittenfahren.

[illegible]

Shakespeare's journey to the play *The Winter's Tale* is well known, near the end of his life after years of high passion, ideal fancy, however, thick jealousy and so many things, the man wrote a play that is a complexity of love-hate, contradicting, perhaps complementing his earlier display of maturity in *The Winter's Tale* the central and so, greater message is not one

Chavrusa Shoshana deserves all the praise it has received for its superb writing and its marvelous theatricality, but a play about Marx somewhere in this script? The first act certainly has its moments, but the remainder is a lost cause. To modify one of Marx's own observations: "Writers make their own plays, but they should not make their critics as they please". Well, not in this case anyway.

out to a dark oblivion but after due primrose is welcomed back into a life plentiful and vibrant. The play to the audience of 1840 must have appeared as the movie legends of love will ever struggle to today's. The characters in the play seem so manipulated as to be puppets, the strings very obviously controlled with a purpose. We see a king caught up in a web of passions, the ensuing death of his family and a sixteen year burden of guilt. But how then and measured are the characters in this play, small common hand pulled from the marketplace. In the end all is return as if someone had named every tale at work

The Adelaide Theatre Group in presenting the play seems to be saying "look what we can do" which is half enough for indeed they do do it. The production holds together because it is paced to sustain, scene follows scene at lightning pace. Using the seemingly empty, at first less, entrance as the American Theatre you nevertheless left you were at a meeting place of tannish dirt within the ground. The stage environment was functional yet struggled to look at differing genres, which



Dana Burrows on ATU's *The Winner's Tale*; Poet: Barbara Pross

afternoon, two weeks later" portrays both too obvious and too detrimental to dramatic rhythm. It also catapaults against the truster parts, which suffer from too brief and disconnected exposure. After all, it is difficult for an actor to merely come on and say (a) "Welcome, honey, have you seen my trousers?" then go straight off, and suggest character of the depth and subtlety of Hamlet given us, Leslie Wright did not take enough opportunities as he did with *Match*, when he played too close to caricature.

This production was the last Playhouse Square director Stephen Barry's first chance to show us what he could do with a play of some depth. He had demonstrated his competence with his direction of *Aschensleben*, whodunit-comedy trilogy *The Norman Conquests* but that is all they require in my opinion. Aschensleben is the most currently cerebral playwright in England! The fine balance between the three protagonists of *Secretive* must be credited to Mr Barry. If I have a problem with him, it is that the pace of the play was too even. It could have done with more change of rhythm and lead up to and away from climaxes. Mind you, I did see it on the second night.

questions. The boy was tall, thin, Didi and Gogo still politely called him a minister. The name of minister was a misconception, except for what Morris guessed in terms of almsgiving effect. His design for the production also stressed the "play" aspect of *Umphrey* and the play. The Halls were dressed out like the music of a fairytale together with a mysteriously Sun and Moon hanging on the back wall either side of an oblique band of yellow bisecting a kindly version of a Magritte sky. On the stage proper the white stand-up feet, still replicating Beckett's sound, Morris's Magritte-style masked eye. So the old familiar note was to be crushed out once you quit your Theatre, not as but in them, and magnificently been done. Like, went on Didi and Gogo and Ponce and Wendy and all and sent them going and what did we have? Well, least Sydney on Didi and a Will Pannell on Gogo for two. Morris embraced the baroque bowlers and poet Sydney a Heine/Haascher choir rather worse cadences and Pannell a battered old Akshara, but otherwise they were the triumph we'd

As Cops normally the policeman, Parnell was a miniature dead-end with a down-turned mouth. An air of comprehensive optimism: Dick Sydney was superintended stand up comic who'd served time on the working men's clubs of Northern England. I was initially put off by the broad accent, but she had slipped into it halfway through, mostly because Sydney's range and flexibility in the solo defined no precise line between them and forced it to a personal virtue. The two tramps are the core of the play, the euphoric fronts of the "strangers," its rhythm, their will to an anagram. How I felt like Parnell sometimes lost, not tuned to the rhythms, sometimes hesitant that Sydney was magnificent, understanding her limitations, pulling her through and along, so it is only said that should be done.

I can't remember having seen Jenny Sefton and Calisto Tanichino (Piano and Lucky respectively) before, but I do remember thinking that Pucci should have been greater, as every actor, that it was in Sefton's power, despite terrible effort, to make him flat out enough, after Joan Sydney's excellent performance which remains in my mind about this Godot was something which has been thrown away, walked through, hurried over, or otherwise neglected by direction in every other Godot I've seen that was part of the Boy, Godot's messenger, played in Morris's production as a somewhat bylines artist like Gershwin. There was something both immediately affecting and absolutely true in her "convolutions", part manner, part genuine, with Dick. A messenger from Godot must be an innocent on the fringes of language, for Godot lives before and after words. If Morris's other maneuvers were in the end but a new bandstand on which to play the same old tune, this was working on the melody itself, a new and brilliant arrangement for that alone the production was well worth seeing. Not that I'd want a production of Waiting for Godot anyway -- whenever it's done and by whom, they're playing my

[illegible]

Remember when people died over Beckett's famous Waiting for Godot, back then when Puritans greeted the really raw with howls of pain, having been parched in their theatrical purgatory? That was over a quarter-century ago, and since then Waiting for Godot has been done almost to death the errand question becomes pleasantly, innocently familiar, a popular brand name among that range of associations collectively known as Classics of the Modern Theatre. That is not to knock the play itself, overly to point out that something is easily bred by time, and that directors who choose these days to do a Godot find themselves looking about for an angle, a way to refurbish the familiar. The problem however is what to do with a tree, a road, two tramps, the sun and moon? What to do with a play which dictates its own rebirth so precariously? What to do with something so uncompromising that any addition becomes glaringly obvious and artificial?

Mike Martin's answer to these questions was to do *Godol* with an all-female cast. A running joke that, promotionally speaking, "Questions about *Godol* as a women's drag?" "What about *Godol*'s prostate problem?" "Will *Godol*'s boy be called 'Daddy'?" etc., etc. turned out, all according

Working on the melody itself

WAITING FOR GODOT

Age Group	Total (%)	Male (%)	Female (%)	Unknown (%)
18-24	12	10	14	10
25-34	25	22	28	20
35-44	28	25	32	25
45-54	22	20	26	20
55-64	15	12	18	15
65+	8	5	12	10

QTC has spoken with
the voice of
Shakespeare.

END LEAD

Table 1

Long Live the Worker State! Directed/Produced by
BRIAN FARRER. Released Oct. 19, 1973
Drama. John Edwards (Director), Peter Becker (Lighting),
David Hazzel (Film), Jim Gribble, Tony, Norman (Music)

[illegible]

The QVC production of *King Lear* is certainly the best Shakespeare they have done. The director was intelligent, the stage environment was powerful, visually economical in its means and well suited to the peculiarities of the SGMD, the costumes were convincingly dramatic in design and superbly made and at the heart of things was an intensely conceived performance by Warren Mitchell that thrust past the particulars of language, old age and fatherhood that so clutter critical consideration of the play, and concentrated all its considerable resources on presenting the paradigm of suffering man, made man by affliction and redeemed by love.

ALL round the purifying there were elements that detracted from the general level — certain gaudy features of production, more especially in the role of Edgar and consequently of Patsy Tonn, a somewhat feeble actress, the stilted effect of having some scenes on stage, which was out of step with the rest of the production, anachronistic costumes and props background, a broadsword that burst in Gordon Grayson's hand after a few desultory duels in an opponent, extraneous dramatic material, a bunch of phillibuster from Brisbane Grammar School, and the constant noise of pneumatic drills working on an underground railway tunnel beneath the auditorium. All this meant that criticism was less than complete, but the core of the play was so clearly conceived that the search was still clearly necessary.

Warren Beatty's stupor-lust performance was way off. His blustering old boss of King dominating outward shows of love at the beginning of the play had really come full circle by the end to a much more commanding personal authority, bred of wisdom and nourished by the love of Cordelia and the Fool. The dramatic function of Feste/Cordelia as the loving catalyst in Lear's painful journey to self-realization is central to the play, and another Geoffrey Rush was Ingrid Bergman.

made the record of it. Much was necessarily foreign to him, in fewer than ten years, a sort of independent camp, and as for motive force in Lewis's self-discovery he was very deliberate. What was wanted was the quality of his caring for the old man, his ability in off-hours moments, to get a man's behavior straight, and his unerring sense of line gave her a stylish physical presence (only she a costume maker's dream) but could she not understand? I wonder how far each of these performers was the victim of children's towards the end.

Jim Carter's master provided a sound environment which was interestingly evocative and always sympathetic to the architect.

It is commonly remarked here, for all their resources and money, the State companies produce theatrical monstrosities. Often the available hardware and personnel seem to get in the way of any direct contact between playwright and people. How refraining, therefore, to report that as the season the play was well served — that the QTC has opened its collective mouth and spoken with the voice of Shakespeare.

Through grotesque manipulations of his postage stamps and Nicola stood up for the dish where he traditionally pushes her in order to find out how much manure was in one wad and how, and discovers that it is quite a lot, in fact, rather more than he can. After all, despite the shortcomings of relations with the communist government in his land cattle were precious in the role of social status. A painful and distressing discovery that the peasants against him (Banco blamed the peasants and eventually replace him) the state itself eventually accepts the offer of the big 1934 network—disappearing from his direct to purely in greater northern fields his technique transmitted whom supporter and supporter of socialism and consumer who. More. In order to pay post-1934 debts the state Labor Party machine recently sold to 250M in interest in 1930, the "Labor" machine.

The plant's structure is, basically, stem, roots and leaves with modified variety in the vegetational regions or in unusual situations, condensed to present the same small size. The climatic conditions are increasingly black and have the primary colored root of diatoms, greatly expressive and elegant. Off the top, long, slender, a flower suggest more like than pendant hair when on or be under the right margin, and finally, a good stopping everywhere. He becomes far more compact, light amplified which I guess, just goes completely to show.

chaire doesn't have to start at the conventional time. There was a total event.

So it was easy to be impressed: Just afterwards I could only agree with widespread opinion: that this production had no economic, but it was a *résumé* success. It still could be, for this action gave one of the strongest opening night performances I can remember, and the staging was a technical juggle through which neither actors nor technicians had put together a safe and secure path. Only Miss Henderson's *Reverie*

The play doesn't know where to go either

CITY SUGAR

VERBON & KELLY

Gift Sought by Southern Politician In City of Freedom He Wants
1960 General To Stay 1970 Election. *American States* 11/11/70
Re: *Winston Churchill* (London) 11/11/70. *Chicago Evening*
News 11/11/70. *New Orleans Times* (Baton Rouge) 11/11/70.
By John David Myers, New Orleans Contributor

The numerous examples of commercial radio promote Australia's racist collective memory, but, as the programme notes by La Motta's Gay Roper remind us, they also for the British an experience of a mere few hours' duration over more Radio Caroline pulled down her Jolly Roper and sailed ashore to become part of established big business. Jennifer Monaghan's production invites us to see with fresh eyes — and hear with neurophysiologically established ears — this phenomenon integral to our mass culture and implicitly to where the playwright's dark view of where we are in the late '70s' goes less, and less mass commercial, beyond.

It's hard to disagree with Penabaz's contention voiced by Leonard Burt Kravitz Crossed, one of the intelligently located "Radio 407" that: the great days of '68's hope are over and the post-Beats present a sad portrait of a generation. You are there, remember May 1968? Quasi, who dares. Having established this much, the story doesn't know where to go, either.

Its action concerns the electronic transmission by the shellfisheries Board of a random voice record by a blank gill. Nicola (Joe) Milnead already numbered by a successful job in a dive supermarket.

ROCKY HORROR SHOW
YOUNG MO

DOI: 10.1002/for

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There was a feeling of excitement and goodwill at the Rocky Mount opening. Here was something which was attracting younger different people to Theatre. Here was a major showcase for some great and authentic unexplored Queensland talent. Here was the rediscovery at part of Brisbane's theatre history — the Studio at West End, ideal atmosphere for Rocky Mount. And just when we'd forgotten that



Michael McCaffrey as Frank, N. Fariar as
Bryan Hanson's Rocky, *Hansen Show*.
Photo: Ronan Studio.

was up to him, and his friend of Democritus number six in the one person show shopper — an amazing display of youthful joy. Amongst other good points were Fiona Roddy's adventure playground set, and the fine craftsmanship of all concerned. The show occasionally took off, but it never stayed airborne.

The simplest flaw was the tedious slowness with which all the actors delivered the badly written dialogue which links the numbers, lightness and darkness would have cut five minutes off the show and made it a lot more fun. Rather more serious was the lack of excitement. The play's only justification is as a celebration of the breakdown of the heterosexual fifteen into the do what thou enjoy seventeen, yet this production merely hinted at sexuality with a coy and further gaggle. Michael McCaffrey was a striking looking Frank-N-Furter, but played the role sadly gay rather than rampantly sexual — which made his seduction of Janet somewhat implausible, and Roddy's desperate attempt to escape from him even colder. And everyone else looked so clean and wholesome, none help dressing up as the queens they'd seen in the movie: it came across as homophobic porn rather than transsexual farce.

It will be a moderate success — the technical effects and rock music will do it that. Whether it will be more depends on the possibility that many of these flaws simply reflect the conservatism of a production which wasn't quite ready to open, I hope so, for it's a worthy venture which deserves to run till Christmas.

Meanwhile across the river at La Bunde Rick Hittingbore's production of *Woyze* Mo is having a successful run. He's badly attacked the social problem with this uneven script (the fact that as pointed Mo is a minor character in his own play) by bolstering the second act with more Mo routines. Rod Windsor is a first rate physical Mo, and is backed up by a clever academic duo in Kay Stevenson and Kay Perry. The other performers however range from the competent to the dreadful, and the set was an unhelpful hedge-podge which replicated little bits of the action all over the theatre. It was an error perhaps to let an hour thirty seconds of the real Miffy and Mo in one of their radio shows — it was faded, lighted, and featured than anything in the show, and pointed up the fact that this play makes Mo an obvious and obvious 1970s pub entertainer rather than the safely vulgar genius of a less elevated age.

My only quarrel with the production was that it made no attempt to develop the theme of Mo as both great comic and thoroughly unpleasant person. As I recall the criticisms of Mo's backstage critics (in *Act Two*) was cut, and the real scenes were played either for laughs or for sadness and false sentiment, thus losing the subtlety of the real Mo. But it's a theme only hinted at in the script anyway, and given the limitations of the play and the conservatism of his cast, Rick Hittingbore clearly opted for rough energy and unadorned comic material to keep us entertained if not enlightened.



Politicisation on a non-issue

ACT NOW

MARGUERITE WELLS

by Alex for The Agony Company and Victor Hittingbore. The Agony Company is Sydney, venue: 100 m. Street, Carol Hittingbore, actor: Carol Hittingbore, Jane Cooper, Tim Merton, Steve Hayes, Jackie Tordella

Production

As far as politics go, I could only describe *Act Now* as either Fractured Federalism, tagged with the self-righteous sentimentality that Americans, and now, Canadians, Australians, reserve for motherhood and democracy (blame your hat in your heart and wipe your eyes).

Yes, Virginia, there are people who disapprove of motherhood. There are those who are not stirred to fury at the thought that they in Canberra are deprived of their *Democratic Right to a State or local government* like those lucky people out there in the Federated States of Australia. There are even those who regard local and state politicians as bloated big fish bulging in little ponds who crack out of tune and even more out of time, without music and with only pitiful-sounding effect. Some people (even such as I) might, even think that there aren't enough smart or honest people in the country to make one parliament, let alone eight, and that the trick would be to reduce the number of parliaments to one, not add another just so that the people of the ACT don't feel left out of Track, Justice and the Democratic Way.

But above all's criticism, and if the Agony Company managed to provide such music in one so placed, sweet tempered and silent language as I am when I'm asleep, then they achieved exactly what they set out to achieve, the politicisation of a non-issue that, despite its enormous importance, has kept all but the bull frogs of Canberra in a state of gentle snoring for too long.

If I had been able to keep my mind off politics, I would have loved *Act Now*. It's not hard to love politicians who do

kindness votes in the antechamber and then, having themselves with relief at having got it all over, rush back from Canberra's prohibition to Melbourne's pubs or to their property in New South Wales premises because their parents need them, and leave the poor public servants waiting that "Canberra's a word, a sentence occurred, they're hundreds of miles from home".

You hear that now, often enough, but always terribly... It is nice to see it parodied. Then there were the state politicians — the sixty thousand must pass for the noble People of Australia who were to turn up, in their early thousands presumably, and camp out in Canberra's own campsite, that May fifty-one years ago when the Temporary Parliament House that still sits under Camp Hill, was inaugurated. No doubt the burial of those sixty-thousand symbols of Australian good taste and quality, when the people of Australia failed to turn up, accounts for the flourishing state of the parliamentary rose gardens to this day.

When, as we progress through the twentieth century, 1948 brings a number to represent the ACT Federal parliament, and the bemoaned people find that he's only allowed to vote on Territory matters, their dismay at still being non-voters like "Ignorant criminals, aborigines, children and others", somehow fails to bring a lump to the throat. A signpost perhaps. If anything in the play belittled the horror of the injustice of the disenfranchisement of the people of Canberra, it was that account.

But then, dancing barons, distantly villans, pitiful public servants and demoted bureaucrats are always fun, squares and holding not understanding. And the Agony Company is always fun too. Their energy and delivery are qualities well lacking in the rather depressing theatre of Canberra, all too obviously made for demoralised humanists. When I was a child theatre for children was all patronising pantomime. Now I am an adult, the best theatre in Canberra is for kids (The Agony Company's TIE) or by kids (The Children's Theatre). And then, when the Agony Company does a production for adults (aimed for high schools), they do it to make my point into account. Thoughtless....

T



Vacuum created is being filled

TASMANIAN SURVEY

KARL HUBERT

The business of theatre in Tasmania change like the tides, which wash the shores of the island State. Times of high activity are followed by periods when nothing much happens, while events of genuine importance in theatre are rare.

One of the reasons for this state of affairs is that the State's old established companies, for instance the venerable Angelsea Theatre Club (est. 1888), and Hobart's Repertory Theatre Society, have loyal support from a wide circle of friends which enables them to mount three night or one night seasons without difficulty. From time to time new companies form, announcing often grandiose plans and quite often cutting after staging a few successful plays.

If all goes well, Tasmanian audiences are well able to distinguish between good theatre and bad, whether amateur or professional. This has happened to several groups formed during the "Whitlam Spring" when subsidies were freely available, and more recently, to the Tasmanian Opera Company, which quietly passed away after a prolonged illness. The final blow came when the Australia Council announced there would be no more subsidies. There was the obligatory stream of letters by petitioners; however, those who genuinely love opera largely remained silent.

One main problem in operatic matters and it was better to import opera from other States than to tolerate mediocre work by a local company, even if it professed to be "professional".

And the vacuum thus created is being filled. Hobart opera lovers will see productions by the Tasmanian Conservatorium of Music, the Australian Opera, the South Australian Opera, and possibly

also by the Victorian Opera during the next twelve months.

It is of interest to note that the Tasmanian Theatre Company has successfully pursued such an entrepreneurial policy for some time now with the blessing of the theatre board of the Australia Council.

In artistic director, John Unsworth makes periodic trips to Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney, to buy productions. This enables audiences in Hobart, Launceston, and Burnie, to see professional productions which could not be mounted locally. *Love Thy Neighbour* and *Brown Bertha's Fair* are in this category.

Tasmanians love musicals and this explains the popularity of Theatre Royal Light Opera Company productions. *Showboat*, staged at Hobart's Theatre Royal was a success. It was directed by Arthur Sherman, of Sydney. Earlier in the year, Hobart Repertory presented a two-week season of *No, No, Nanette*, and the annual University Revue did particularly well. It is remembered that the Old Nick Company made a lot of money and that it intends to mount some of it as a production of a more serious nature. Among the small vignettes, the Riverside Arts Club and the Hobart Theatre Club are doing valuable work. Meanwhile, another theatre restaurant has opened in Tasmania's capital, the Cedar Court, at Hadley's Hotel. The other two are the Explorer Motor Inn, located on a hill high above the city, and West Point Casino, which has spent some £300,000 in this venture. The Explorer has a strong local flavour, while the Cedar Court stresses dance routines and live music. West Point features imported dancers and lavish costumes.

The Salamanca Theatre, whose main sphere of work is theatre in education, is getting ready for its tour of the United States and its neighbour, the Tasmanian Puppet Theatre recently returned from a tour of Indonesia, not much richer but with considerable prestige. And Puppet director Peter Wilson is organising the first international puppet festival to be held in this part of the world.



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Mars

By Ron Blair



ACT 1

him, here it. That's why there's a few more missing from this book.

Solomon: Well, that's that, then, guess it's there anything else I can do before I go? Any messages?

Mora: Yes. I'll tell you what you can do, Solomon. Drop this note off at Lendheim. It is an attack on some German scientists. He will give you \$100 for it. Mikhaev is the doctor.

Solomon: What shall I do about the money?

Mora: Oh keep it. You can give it to me when you get back from America.

Lendheim: Special Order will tell Solomon I'll pick up the money tomorrow morning. There's no telling when you'll get back from America is there?

Solomon: No. There's nothing to worry about.

Lendheim: Yes, Solomon?

Solomon: Will you give me a letter?

Lendheim: I'll write it for you.

Solomon: Will you come with me — as far as far as Mikhaev's. To tell you the truth, I'm almost frightened.

Jenny: Why don't you laugh for a while then?

Lendheim: Oh keep it. I'll come with you.

Solomon: After that I'll be quite alright. Goodnight all.

Jenny: Goodnight. Lendheim is going on his feet.

Jenny: Lendheim, tell him to go home and forget the whole thing.

Lendheim: Tell him to drop in this article and I'll pick up the money tomorrow morning.

Mora: Tell him to come tomorrow.

Lendheim: I'll tell him. Good night.

Jenny: Goodnight. Mora. Sound of carriage in street.

Lendheim: No more going money to a dead man's widow?

Jenny: I'm going to bed. Anything more away from that subject?

Mora: The picture my dear. The middle class are arriving at the Theatre for this weekly concert of me, and others.

Lendheim: Put the good bloody book down. I'm going to bed. This man was worth a lot.

Mora: He's holding. You go and tell Les Freudenfeld too.

Lendheim: Goodnight. The floor is pinkish?

Jenny: That's when he calls the baby. But I think it's a boy.

Lendheim: It will be a girl.

Lendheim: No, no, no. I don't care if coming into this world.

Jenny: I only wish could get away.

Mora: It is the world I am working in, to change Lesheim.

Lendheim: You'll have to be quick to change it before someone else.

Jenny: Why?

Lendheim: The rent is overdue already and we owe money to every one in the city.

Mora: But we had money for dinner tonight.

Lendheim: That's only because the teacher forgives me and I encourage him. I don't know when my old master would think of the food I was showing my son for a son of my message.

Jenny: How much did we need for Lendheim's night?

Lendheim: Well, the money from that Enormous man pay the rent, but the only food in the house is what I never ate.

Jenny: I only wish could get away.

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END OF ACT I



Poppy as their creation



Graeme Murphy as Jean Cocteau in *Poppy*. Photo: Robert Hartman

By the time this effect appears, *Poppy* will have probably been given its return Sydney visit and the Company will be waging its way to Brisbane to present the work there. Doubtless changes for the better will have been made to it and I'll end up looking a right charic spook, but anyway here goes.

Sincerely speaking this is not the first time there has been an attempt made to create a balletic work based on the work and mood of Jean Cocteau. Maurice Rostand created *L'Angé Héroïque* a few years ago for the Ballet of the Twentieth Century. It had

Jean Marnes declaiming Cocteau's poetry and Jorge Donn flitting about in a diaphanous butterfly robe trying to encapsulate the fantasy and obscurity of the French poet. It was all terribly woolly, rhapsodic and confusing as only Rostand is to.

Graeme Murphy with *Poppy*, on the other hand, has strenuously tried to avoid obscurity and gone for direct historical reference, specifically in the first half where he spells out all the influences on the young creator, mother childhood loves, the cultures, Daughters and

Raymond Radigastone. The trouble is none of these influences are almost impossible to transmute into a dance form. The opening duet for Cocteau as a child and his mother, apart from being a rather flaccid opener, does nothing to illuminate that particularly loving but tattered relationship. The same goes for the trio involving Cocteau, his precocious mermaid lover Raymond Radigast and the Angel of Death. Although this comprises some of the most lively and successfully conceived choreography of the whole production, it burns upon us too suddenly, it totally

unprepared for and therefore reacts in confusion, audiences are left wondering why Ciccio is so brought about having the young man taken from him.

I think Murphy has tried to stress too much into this last part, going as a hurried and abrupt Ciccio's loss of the man's early life. He then exists as a drift in the barest scenes of Ciccio's works and mind in the second part. The audience has to work overtime on progressive reading and that's bad.

The glibly and frivolous elegance of the early Ciccio is adequately conveyed in the earliest scene, as an jagged and slightly adolescent group sings and the quirky use of body puppets created by Joe Glavin of the Marquee Theatre. Although the innocuous accident Barbara didn't have all that much influence on Ciccio in the pages up here, to delightful theatrical effect, portrayed by Robert Olop.

Douglas and the Ballet Room had a far greater effect on Ciccio and I don't think enough was made of it in *Peggy*. Douglas and his burlesquing troupe more as less devoted Ciccio for a time and he came out of the association a changed man, more intellectually honest, artistically aware and emotionally stable. He had in his own words a "love affair" with the whole world of this company.

In *Peggy*, this association is referred to one opera scene showing a list from Fokine's *La Sorelle de la Rue* and a rather position back stage support of the opening night debacle of Nijinsky's *La Sorelle de la Rue*. From all those things happened and Ciccio was caught up in it all but you wouldn't think so judging from the evidence in *Peggy*. Ciccio remains a shadowy figure in the background and Ciccio forced himself as anything but a shadowy figure. The Douglas puppet was made to look grotesque which he was not and Ciccio never considered him so, so Ciccio he sometimes was, grotesque never.

Surely there could have been more choreographic and dramatic lines if Ciccio could have been included in the scene, perhaps dancing as extended "pas de quatre" with Douglas, Nijinsky and Karamora (there was in actual fact quite an unusual drama between the first three in the real Ballet Russes, perhaps there could have been more of Ciccio's ballet *Parade* here), the impact of the American and French "managers" from that ballet would have been extremely effective and would have given a hint of Ciccio's working mind in the first part around of changing it all into part two.

I know all this sounds like carrying, as that I'm sure at not having my interpretation of Ciccio, stylized — I'm not, the structure is there, but it needs re-organizing, to cut through and select what was of real importance to Ciccio and was in the most dramatically workable.

The problems of Act Two are different only in manner not in kind. Murphy again has tried to stress too much in the play, the poetry, images from the films, spoken dialogue from same and a seemingly endless parade of characters from Ciccio's psyche. Admittedly all those

personages (Ophelia, Oedipus, Lancelot, the Sphinx etc.) have a mesmerizing appeal in their own right, but rarely do we get a glimpse into the closed universe of Ciccio's fantasy the glimpses that could help it all to cohere, more in the present, we rarely see Murphy's authoritative thumbprint on this sprawling section.

In trying to hard to impress Ciccio fairly, having a peek into every nook and corner, Murphy has lost the overview, the personal interpretation that makes a work live. We don't discover what Murphy found so exciting about the man, why he wanted to play the lead part, or why he sees him as pertinent to dance and relevant to modern society life has no means but theatrically, they rarely come across. *Peggy* is full of marvelous things, but it is not everywhere marvelous. An audience admires the skill and work that has gone into it, but doesn't quite admire it.

A couple of mistakes have and that what Murphy needs is another Douglas to tell him what is wrong with *Peggy* and where it should be changed for greater audience impact. Well here, practically all of the theatre in Australia and a fair slice of it overseas could do with another Douglas to give its creative some style and coherence but there isn't one around. But I do think though that Murphy could have consulted a "theatre theatre" playwright, or at least a script editor to help him search for the pivotal points of the story and the nodules of theatrically explainable material.

All of this sounds as though I hated *Peggy*. I don't, I love it for those reasons I wanted to see it. The collaboration of all these talents on such an ambitious work is a signpost in the development of the dance in this country.

Carl Van's music while not being the great (theatrical) revelation that some were hoping for (and I doubt if anyone can give us one of those any more) guides Murphy's amazing plot through some of its darker passages and acts as a constant sonic reassurance during the darker bits. George Olcott's visuals were consistently surprising throughout, never degenerating into an attempt to grab our eyes with light show. I did think, however, it was far more integrated in the second half where the "masks" taken the audience through the maze of Ciccio as a character and symbols. In fact everything came together more effectively here because the audience had already accepted the "otherworldly" aspect of the man and therefore could contain the free flow of ideas, thoughts and images.

That self-made structureless structure gave more inspiration to Murphy too gathering from the confusion of more openly conceived choreography and well star studded flow of images. But then the work being a collaboration, one can't say for sure whether the music inspired the image, the image inspired the choreography or whatever, all I know is, it held the attention while at the same time astounding one's sense of time and logic.

Admittedly there was a bit of "borrowing" here and there. So those marvellously stretchy gowns for the nurses in the dance

might have come straight from Alfred Hitchcock's *Tide*, or those moving hair lights on Ciccio's "highs" from his *Zone*. Who cares? Ciccio is always borrowing from each other and the last in this work was well and were used constructively.

Essentially what was most impressive in this phenomenological second half was the path and potency of Murphy's choreography and the focus and conviction of the company's dancers. The dance for Oedipus and Lancelot were subtly different in content and from those for Ophelia and Lancelot, the first characterized by its catches and knife-edged balances, while the second termed and twisted in an apparently seamless flow. The choreography delineated character, it didn't just reiterate elongating conventionalized images. Similarly the mask except for the one during the extended film sequence wasn't swapped up by those large troupes, it was absorbed into them.

When it comes to the actual dance, the task of analysis is harder and the comparisons more sensitive. All of them sublimed personality into the whole product, some more were more prominent than the others, but all were given a chance to invest their part with the breath of life. All of which shows that Murphy is slowly overcoming his fear of letting a dancer's individuality show (or at least taming it) and.

Ros Phillips always a dancer with a sense of purpose in his dancing, even though it is sometimes misplaced, brought the right touch of weighted, dark silks to the part of Dargelle, the boyhood love of Ciccio, and a wryly emphatic edge to Oedipus. Graham Watson, although he had to fight the fact that he appeared without introduction as Raymond Radigast, took up his part in that devious, nervous loss of connection with Ciccio and the Angel of Death with a frenetic power that almost went over the top but didn't.

Jennifer Berry was ideal as an Angel of Death with elegance and beauty, while illustrating the fact that Death is innocent, powerful and unchangeable.

Joan Vernon, so flexible, so confident in her technique, absolutely springing out of the stage as *Isadora*. Still a dancer of economy and force and while formerly a bit listless and detached, here she was human and organized in the ill-fated quest of Thebes. One could go on and on, but space prohibits such rambling. *Peggy* is a tribute amongst other things to the close knit quality of all the dancers in the company, one man always that they understood and have pride in *Peggy* as their mission.

I have had my subjective structure upon Murphy and his company, relied heavily, but I have done it knowing that they will absorb them. I have also done it, judging them on a very high standard and in terms of international quality. The Dance Company now is in no position to be satisfied as a promising group, they are totally professional and must be judged on the same level as any international modern dance company. Australia has waited a long time for that event, it's no time to be short-changing them now.

WA BALLET COMPANY'S WINTER SEASON

A quiet low-key programme



WA Ballet Co in its *Summer Dances*. Photo: Jo Gaudreau

The West Australian Ballet Company's winter season at the University of Western Australia's Centages Theatre was a quiet, low-key programme of works mixing 19th and 20th century choreographers. It's easy for low-key entertainment to slip into dullness if everything isn't exactly as it should be, and dullness is what happened to the three 19th century pieces by August Bournonville.

We haven't seen much Bournonville choreography in Western Australia since the Scottish Ballet's beautiful production of *La Sylphide* a few years ago, starring Margaret Portman partnered by Ivan Nagy-Balk in Bournonville's day, male dancers didn't do much more than stand around supporting the starring ladies in various lifts and poses. He changed all that with his own brilliance as a dancer and choreographer, giving male dancers a lot of vigorous, technically complex and show things to do.

It's only fair to say that the male dancers in the West Australian company simply don't have the powerful classical technique required to let the Bournonville choreography live and breathe as it should for the audience to appreciate it. Some of the company's males do have individual strengths: the modern work *Ami* gave Paul Tyers an opportunity to prove again his considerable strength as a partner and as a

theatrical presence, but he'll never make a Bournonville dancer. Ronald van den Bergh has a freshness and a clean sparkling style and he is gaining in technical strength with each programme. Just before the season, the company had the benefit of two weeks of the best Bournonville teaching around: Danish teacher Hans Brenaa was in Perth as a guest of the company (he's visit to Australia was shared by the Queensland Ballet Company) but two weeks' specialist teaching can't do more than introduce young dancers to a singular classical style which they've probably never seen before. In some dances Bournonville is really tough stuff to dance well, and putting three of the master's works into the repertoire at this early stage is, I think a mistake.

I've no doubts at all about the wisdom of profiting from Durrell's *Ami* and Jacqui Carroll's *Summer Dances*. They are very good pieces indeed, quite chamber in mood and structure, but they share a witiness, a sense of irony and a masculinity which make them very much the product of 20th century dance and likely, therefore, to grab the audience's imagination.

The eternal triangle of *Ami*, danced stylishly by Margaret Best, Paul Tyers and Vanessa McLachlan, tells us about some of the emotional games we play with each

other. It's full of a sort of brittle Celtic charm and sharp edged irritability, and sits very well on the company.

Summer Dances is the second Jacqui Carroll work the company has produced — but lively *Right Songs* was featured in the Christmas season last year. *Summer Dances* is a delicious piece of pastoral humour which, like *Right Songs* uses the beauty and strength of the company's women dancers to considerable effect. Sex almost transparently winged love has nothing as dappled summer study come to life to Hecpihl's *The Birds*. They quarrel and chat and play and dance for pure summer pleasure. Carroll's dance vocabulary is full of clean, sharply profiled angularities which Vanessa McLachlan, the company's undoubtedly star, makes the most of, and in the work builds its entanglements and short scenes, so we gain the chance to appreciate each dancer's affinity with the choreography.

With just eight dancers, company director Robin Hagg has his work cut out developing a repertoire varied and interesting enough to attract a regular audience for chamber ballet in a town where the willing star-studded national companies have become the prototype for ballet. There's a very good prospect that, later this year, more dancers will be added to the company. This expansion will mean a more varied repertoire available and — hopefully — will enable the director to concentrate more on the important task of working with each season's programme that builds its audience impact and pleasure from the opening work to the final blackout.



Jacqui Carroll in rehearsal. Photo: Jo Gaudreau

Hans Brenaa's Master classes in ballet.

Terry Owen

The supporters of classical ballet today are the males — Barytonides. Moseyev, Vasiliev from Russia, Boppre and Peter Martins from New York to name just a few. And without August Bournonville they might all just be standing elegantly around, idling and supporting superior ladies.

Bournonville, who died in 1878, had a long and illustrious career as choreographer, dancer, ballet master and teacher with the Royal Danish Ballet. At a time when the role of the male dancer was fading into that of a porteur Bournonville himself a brilliant dancer, created many roles which showed off his powerful jumps and beautiful turns.

Hans Brenaa, the world's foremost authority on the Bournonville choreography and technique paid his first visit to Australia earlier this year as part of the Queensland Ballet Company and the West Australian Ballet

Company in Brisbane to mount a production of *La Sylphide* and here in Perth he reproduced *Dances from William Tell* the pasted-down from *Flower Festival at Genoa* and *La Favourite*.

During a rehearsal break, I shared a lunchtime treat with this courtly, elegant man, one of his late studies, who has been putting the top known Bournonville works into company repertoires around the world. Australia is the twentieth country to have visited teaching Bournonville, he told me, and he's probably never been busier than he is at the moment. Next year is the centenary of the master's death, and Brenaa returns to the Royal Danish Ballet this August to help them put on their first new Bournonville production in sixty years — *Barometer at Skagen*. Before that he will be working in London with Fonteyn and Moseyev on a Bournonville BBC television feature.

Returning to work with the Royal Danish Ballet will be something of a surprise for Brenaa, who joined the Royal school as a child and who was part of the company as corps member, premier danseur, teacher and producer until his left, aged forty-two, to work and teach outside. The company's repertoire has increasingly been given over to modern works but, as Brenaa sees it, Danish people are realising that their

Bournonville dance heritage is uniquely valuable and must be kept alive in the current repertoire.

In the political way Brenaa supported that Bournonville training and produces the best male dancers, I imagined something like what above the Masters, and he told me about a Danish teacher who fifty years ago in St. Petersburg taught Bournonville to the dancers of the Maryinsky Theatre (now the Kirov). The Kirov male dancers have their own style now but, said Brenaa, the foundations of their strength comes in part from the Danish technique. And it's certainly true that Stanley Williams, who goes arguably the world's best class for male dancers in his studio in New York City Ballet company's School of American Ballet, himself a product of the Royal Danish Ballet school.

On 13 August this year, sixty years ago to the day that he arrived as a child at the Royal Danish Ballet school, Hans Brenaa began rehearsal in Copenhagen on the first of the 1979 Bournonville productions, the company plans to restore these Bournonville repertoires to include all the known works. If we're lucky, we'll see Mr Brenaa again in Australia in 1980 — he's promised the Queensland Ballet Company a production of *The White of the Cape*.



Hans Brenaa taking a class of the WA Ballet Co.

Photo: Jo Goode

Figaro a happy medium.

George Ogilvie's production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for the Australian Opera, which opened in Melbourne early in May, is an almost aggressively play-it-safe realisation of the work.

On the one hand, it will raise few hackles; on the other, it is not exactly scintillating, with perhaps few if any patrons in wax eloquent about its virtues. It is an understandably conservative approach to the aftermath of two rather more daring productions of the piece, by Ann Shuman in 1987 and John Bell in 1994.

Its most positive virtue, perhaps, is that it can reasonably safely be predicted to last a good many years in the repertoire for the very reason that it is so neutral in its approach. At its second Melbourne performance, the one I saw, it was nicely sung and played without at any stage even looking like taking life.

John Fringe's interpretation of the title role has come a very long way since his performance in the Bell production four years ago but he still lacks a measure of the flamboyance-cum-burnside that most characterise the ideal Don. He sings the role well, but not memorably, histor-

ically is at his best toward the end, when expressing the writer's own arrogance of the proud sinner who refuses pain: black to repent men in the face of premature death and judgment.

Marco Grant was an magnificent vocal hero as Donna Anna, and Margareta Elton was in fine form all round as Donna Elvira. Clifford Grant was a good Commendatore and Jennifer Birmingham a thoroughly acceptable Zerlina. Helen Wilde was a fair Don Ottavio who did not invest the role with any particular vocal or dramatic interest.

Ronald Macdonald's Leporello is too similar to his Figaro to be thoroughly convincing. Leporello must be at the same time more worldly-wise and more easily corruptible than Figaro, and yet retain a significant streak of self-righteousness that maintains itself at each new successive outrage committed by Don Giovanni. He must seem to be an ordinary basically well-meaning man in contrast to the flamboyant excesses of his master, if the opera is to achieve anything like its maximum impact on performance.

Previously, perhaps, I found the most convincing performance of the night

Gregory Turnock's Masetto: one had no doubt from the moment he set foot on the stage that he was just exactly what Masetto is supposed to be, a rather dim but thoroughly honest, hard-working man of the earth. Even those who understand not a single word of Italian could hardly have failed to get his acting message, and he sang very well to boot.

The Elisabethan Melbourne Orchestra, under Carlo Fazio Cifarelli, turned in a most acceptable reading of the score. If they are still not the professional equal of their Sydney opposite number, their overall standard as the strength of that performance could be deemed to have risen markedly since I last saw them a year ago.

The Adelaide production of Mozart's *Motivation of Figaro* I saw the night after the *AD Don Giovanni* was grandly excellent. Yes, it fell down in some details (not what Figaro does) but it had far more than enough positive points to make good such defects.

One of its more interesting features, one that could hardly escape the notice of patrons who were thoroughly acquainted with the opera beforehand, was the lack of



John Fringe (*Don Giovanni*) and Clifford Grant (*The Commendatore*) in the *AD's Don Giovanni*. Photo: William Morley.

disparity between the ages of Suzanne (Elene Harwood) and the Countess Almira (Carolyn Vaughan) Reminiscently of the same vintage, they were a good deal more credibly made for the attention of the Comet than in most productions.

That was a moderately off beat aspect of a production which was full of surprises — all pleasant. Another was the marvellous ritual crap of having Marcelina (Keith Currie) and Bartolo (Keith Henson) played duet as a ruse instead of partly to abuse Patsy Montague's characterisation, while being very different from the boy as seen in John Coppley's very fine current AO production, was very fine indeed.

Among the central characters, only Don McConough's Count Almira was a major disappointment: he seemed somewhere off at once in the part, both socially and dramatically, never for a moment convinced he was a nobleman and a force to be reckoned with in the developing drama.

Roger Howell's Figure, on the other hand, was a considerable achievement, one that can be maintained in the same breath as Donald Macrae's for the AO: even so, it seems to settle in and mature as Macrae's has had in the Coppley production. Howell could clearly develop into a formidable exponent of the role. Of course, he did not get across every nuance of the character, but he sang pleasantly and established the basic nature of the character right from the start — he was a consistent, good humoured, thoroughly credible performance.

I must conclude by emphasizing that I found the work of the SA director, Adrian Black, as commendable on this occasion as it had been disappointing when he tackled Don Giovanni for State Opera late last year. We went in a good deal less for the visual slapstick than Coppley, but things never even threatened to do so, their feel as had several moments quite when during his Don Giovanni.

It was a restrained, contemplative Figure which allowed the music full run; the ensembles in particular were excellent; the orchestral playing under Myer Friedman consistently a good deal better than it had been for Don Giovanni.

The production of Verdi's *A Masked Ball* presented by Canberra Opera early in May was an unfortunate example of a dingy old hat experiment which came to grief because it was not thought through locally enough.

Developing an idea of Allan Light, who produced the piece for the Festival Opera Festival last December, the Canberra producer, Keith Richards, set the action in Chicago in 1936 (The piece was originally set in Stockholm in 1793, but Verdi himself was lured by the owners to move it to colonial Boston before it was ever staged in the first place in 1853; so the whole question of time and place is considerably more debatable in connection with *A Masked Ball* than most operas).

The leading tenor — played on this occasion by Yusef Kayrouz — became Richard J Hale, Mayor of Chicago, instead of Riccardo, Count of Warwick in the Buenos version or King Giovanni III in the Swedish version. The former, better Ulfia

in the Buenos version becomes the proprietor of a speakeasy, and the famous scene at midnight beside a galloway is moved to the crypt of a Chicago church.

Much of this makes perfect sense, but not all, and there were several places where the text being sung was at considerable odds with the situation arising from the switch of venue. And it was more than a trifle comical for the dying tenor to sing a poem of praise for the fair city of Chicago which any fool knows is the traditional home of American gangsterism (even this production itself made a good deal of visual capital of the Mafia image by having the conspirators sneaking around in Mafia-gangland style).

Moreover, this *Masked Ball* was a good deal stronger than the previous Canberra production I have seen: conductor John Curra extracted some very good playing indeed from his orchestra and the amateur chorists sang well, and the general standard of the solo singing was acceptable if not outstanding.

Kayrouz made some very pleasing sounds, though displaying an unfortunate tendency to heat him with his whole body and sometimes losing layers of agency in the pitch department. Nettle Wilson was a good Maria vocally, but man loses up immensely in the acting department to be credible dramatically.

Fran Rody was rather nice as Angela Giacobetti, secretary to the major

invariant of Clara the page boy, sung by a woman who in the original version, and Joan Richards was a pleasantly typical Angela.

Very brief mention should also be made, finally, of the first complete performance of Vincent Plush's Australian Folk-songer a most promising music theatre event, at the York Theatre of Sydney's Seymour Centre on May 12. This is an expanded and refined version of a work first performed in mid 1977, and shows considerable promise both in its unusual use of unusual instruments and its flair for theatrical impact.

I still find "The Steamer's Dream" the most thoroughly successful of its sections, with its neat evocation of the ethos of the ballroom business, its marvellous translation of the famous waltz from Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier* into a drunken tune for brass band and its quasi-sentimental vignette of the feeding of a cag of billy tea on a small portable gas cooker.

Plush's own Seymour Group, a newly formed ensemble dedicated to the propagation of contemporary music, provided excellent instrumental backing for this performance, and Lyndan Tennant was a magnificent actor/singer for the various sections of the work which required him to impersonate in quick succession an Irish gold digger, an Aboriginal stockman and a tortured convict, as well as the tipsy officer described above.



Carolyn Vaughan (Countess Almira) in the State Opera's *Marriage of Figaro*.

Sydney Film Festival

Prowler distinguished by intellectual comment



25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SYDNEY FILM FESTIVAL



What distinguishes *The Night the Prowler*, which opened the 25th Sydney Film Festival from the general run of Australian films — though perhaps "general run" is too grand a term for what is still only a trickle — is its intellectual content, the evidence that a mind has been working behind the speeches and the scenes. Television and instant have been dominating factors in the Australian output so far, with not much appeal to reason. The *Last Wave* attempted to pose questions but switched to melodrama before they could be answered. *The Night the Prowler* stays with its proposition of self-discovery, in a cool and often funny way. Which is not to say that I don't think the story

of the book was published in a collection of Patrick White's short stories. *The Christmas*, makes the point better.

Patrick White uses the language, his line, well; he has stuck very closely to the original plot and amazingly close to the original dialogue which comes off the screen as authentically as it does off the page. The characters are words deftly more often to feel rather than express their thoughts in envelopes. My god! Mrs. Bennett, the abandoned and appalled parent of Felicity, comes in this year for the main film. Felicity's breaking one way place speech for which no translation is needed is a painful poem for the audience as well as for her.

The Bennetts live at a "good" street in Sydney. The period is the 1950s, not that it matters much except that Mrs. Bennett's security is in this period not threatened by unassisted debilitation or self or hard drugs. Mr. Bennett has a good job, upper-middle-class type. Mrs. Bennett wears knee dresses with pastel knickerbockers, a back-combed hairdo and has fringe eyebrows. Felicity works with one people.

The film opens with Felicity sitting and thinking, telling her parents that a mile from the window and get into her bed. Police and a doctor are concerned, Felicity refuses a physical examination, cuts into a yellow mood, then her dressing gown flap open to reveal her breasts, writes a letter to her fiancé in Portugal. Affairs to break off the engagement. The hole with which the prowler threatened her cannot be found.

Felicity changes, in the course of her behavior, uncovers her parents and the neighbors. The only really unaltered person is the discarded fiancé, John Gifford, who is glad to be rid of her and can offer the engagement ring, which she has placed unobtrusively in the glove box of his Aston Martin (which he is told because he has got a license pointing to somebody more suitable in a career diploma).

A gross deal of *The Night the Prowler*'s success depends on the understanding of the signs, who have been carefully chosen to interpret social attitudes as well as characters and I do not mean by that that they are stereotypes. A White story like *A White Play* requires not just accurate. Ruth Cricknell as Mrs. Bennett, John Fowley as Mr. Bennett, John Derrin as John Gifford, and above all Kerry Walker as Felicity Bennett are exactly right. The smaller parts are equally well cast.

The audience is led into supposing that what it has under consideration is a satirical comedy with rules supplanting just short of parody. Mrs. Bennett especially is first seen in a comic tack and whether who will never make the Black and White Comedies although she would never on the other hand be at home in *Moore's Fables*. But soon she changes, becomes deeper, broader, then so-called, until it shows for Felicity.

The director is Ian Munn, whose skill with Patrick White material was earlier demonstrated when he revived *Season of Sorrow*. He deserves a special award for having chosen Kerry Walker for the lead, a most fine line-one of the better decisions of the relatively short festival life. The film was produced by Anthony Buckley with interesting music by Cameron Allan, the whole production

admirably designed by Luciana Arrighi. The money came from the RSW Film Corporation and private donations.

The candidate short films for the Greater Union Awards were filmed down to twelve, four in each category of Documentary, General and Fiction. For cartoon or deflected for both types of version this worked out at 373 minutes running from 10 a.m. until 4.40 with ten minutes off for morning coffee and ten minutes for lunch. The women were announced after the day's screenings and the 1976 Brisbane Marathon Award, much coveted, just before *The Night the Provider*. I am happy to say, and have witnesses to prove it, that I early nominated the Marathon winner as the best local short film, but had no expectation that anybody would agree with me. The film is *All In the Same Boat* directed and scripted by Debby Knapford and produced by Robin Hughes for Film Australia, photographed by Dean Sember, edited by Colin Whately, sponsored by the Department of Health which wants to promote discussion within counselling groups dealing with the abuse of everyday drugs, at the ones you buy at the supermarket or grocers' counter.

But never mind all this. That is an outstanding film, with the atmosphere of a television interview. The sub professional pro agenda probably rubbed on and misinterpreted about their White House and kitchen tables for hours, but the finished product is beautifully controlled and edited and will set your teeth on edge while telling forth unvarnished tales of sympathy and distant passionate love for those husbands and wives and mothers and fathers who are all in the same boat.

The film, apart from the scene in which the children were safely out of their mothers' wombs, tended to emphasize the pleasure and pain of motherhood. It was impossible to avoid the feeling that one was being let in on the head with a hammer.



Ruth Casswell (Rosa Innamorata), Barry Walter (Felix) and John Peasley (Henry) Reminiscing *The Night the Provider*

Madness has some good bits where it sticks to the photo album, but it waffles off into trances, as does *Secret Storm* in mixed groups. Bruce Perry's film for the Australia Council, *The Magic Area* is pretty to look at and sometimes funny but suffers from an unoccupied camera. *Seneca Medusa's Letter to a Friend* with metaphors, flowers and birds, is art done.

To return to chronology and category, *Beak at Flower* profaned, targeted and denuded by Barbara Chobczyk, is an honest attempt at reality but the narrative failed to attract. *Glory Greenwood* produced by Capricorn for the Ciné

Council and directed and scripted by David van Duijvenrood is too long and also crippled by boring narration. Although *Country* has warmth and appeal, and the interest of a foreign. Coastal Australia inland people. But the photography is vague and spare glimpses of Aboriginal life and character usually make it to the screen.

The most interesting of the films at the fiction category is *Secret Love's* two minute *The Black Fly* introduced in 74 by Terry O'Neil in the April issue. The three films that won \$1000 each from Greater Union were *Midnight*, *Glory Greenwood* and *The Black Fly*.



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The Restoration of Boris



The tangled history of Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov* has been full of false starts and disappointments. Most opera houses give the opera in the version of Rimsky-Korsakov, who radically revised the composer's scoring and altered many of his harmonies and dynamic markings. More recently, some major Soviet theatres have adopted the practice of using Shostakovich's scoring, which does not alter other aspects of the musical material. The first recording to leave the composer's scoring, harmonies, dynamics and other musical intentions untouched has just appeared: it is the work of Polish choruses and largely Polish cast under the direction of Jerzy Semkow, with the Finnish bass Matti Tabeira in the title role with the Russo-Swedish tenor, Niccolò Giddis, as the pretender, Dmitri (*RMFV April 32-3 1989 4 discs*). Few people, then, up to now have seen the opera in the theatre or heard it on recordings in the form in which the composer noted it down.

This suggests that its original form was kept at absolutely confidentially requiring the technical help of a Rimsky in order to make its way in the operatic world. This, no doubt, was Rimsky's success story, as there can be no question that his motive in revising the opera was one of kindly helpfulness. On the other hand, Musorgsky's final version of his own opera held the stage in Moscow reasonably well during his lifetime. The new recording makes available to us the elements of the two schemes or sequences of the opera which Musorgsky prepared. The first one ended with the death of Boris and included an important scene in front of the Cathedral of St Basil.

After complaints from the theatre management that the work lacked any conventional line, internal Musorgsky added two scenes, incidentally accurate to some extent, in which the pretender, Dmitri, expresses his love for a Polish

noble woman, Marina. At the same time he entered the St Basil scene and replaced it with a scene set in the forest at Kreml. This Marina scene now ended the opera with the words of the Suspicion missing early on the fate of Russia, no matter who happened to be ruling it. The effect of this change was quite profound: it removed the emphasis from the personal fate of the monarch and replaced it with a sense of the tragic fate of Mother Russia itself. The new recording gives us all the scenes of both versions. As the Suspicion's final song was also originally in the St Basil scene, this part of the score is omitted to avoid duplication and the Suspicion is heard heralding the doom of Russia in his usual place at the end of the final scene. A listener also knows the history of Musorgsky's revisions of the opera could contrast either of his two main sequences from this recording with a little eye-blinking.

Boris seems to have possessed from the beginning some properties of what Stravinsky calls open form, its changes are not necessarily conservative. They do not present the progress of a single action or of two related actions but pick out vital incidents and circumstances which make their connections in our mind rather than explicitly on the stage. This is not as novel and Russian as it first appears. I believe that Musorgsky, like all the other Russian composers of his generation, was very influenced by the dramaturgy of the French theatre, as exemplified in the major works of Berlioz. French opera has always tended to present dramatic narrative in discontinuous form, its circumstances, agencies and directions have always been far more important than they are in Italian opera. We know that Berlioz was a powerful influence on the thinking of the young Russian school of whom Musorgsky was a member in the middle of the nineteenth century and that Musorgsky played through the scores of the French master with joy and admiration. At the same time there is no doubt that Musorgsky's traditions tend to be more abrupt and his harmonies less decorative. Even the longer scenes turn out to be an accumulation of short episodes presented in a way that has some affinities with the technique of film.

The other composer of opera who habitually works in this way is the Mexican musician Janacek, who was, significantly, also a Slav. Indeed, Janacek carried on and even developed further Musorgsky's interest in using the characteristic pitch patterns of speech as one of the bases of operatic construction. The pungency of Janacek's scoring also resembles the absence of cushioning in the way Musorgsky handles his orchestral resources in *Boris*. Georg Solti's

Wozzeck, probably the most extraordinary drama of early nineteenth century Europe, showed its author's death was an anthology of unnumbered scenes which strongly suggest that some of them at least could be subjected to a kind of open form management. Adrian Bory's Wozzeck made a selection from these brief scenes and this opera, too, has something of a suggestion of dramatic technique in it, with the orchestral interludes acting as lengthy chapeaux. Britten's *The Turn of the Screw* displays no fewer short scenes in a manner that seems even more closely related to film and here the interludes bring with them an inevitable suggestion of quick scene cutting.

It will probably be apparent by now that I think Musorgsky's *Boris* is to be preferred to anyone else's version of the same score. Critical comments based on an inspection of Musorgsky's scoring have made much of the composer's alleged misadventures of balance but some of these comments are certainly based on the assumption that Musorgsky was trying to sound like Rimsky and failing. I am not the only listener to find a definite and consistent character in Musorgsky's scoring which seems graspable, after even short acquaintance, from the authentic sound world of the piece.

There have been three main stages in the restoration of Musorgsky's *Boris*. The first of them occurred in 1928 when Oxford University Press in conjunction with the Russian State Music Publishers produced the vocal and full scores of the work in an edition by the Soviet musicologist Pavel Lamm. David Lloyd-Lucas produced an English version of the vocal score in 1968 and more recently, has revised and amplified Lamm's resources as evidence to the work as a whole. The third decisive step will prove to be, I am sure, EMI's decision to record a complete version of the two sequences of scores defined by the composer. The recording's characteristics are not ideal for bringing out the musical economy of Musorgsky's score. Nor are the Polish choruses as resonant or decisive as their Russian counterparts can be. Jerzy Semkow is a Russian conductor, lacking a complete feeling for the changing strength of some of the scenes but making up for this in his obvious determination to see that everybody, not excepting the singer of the title role, sings the music faithfully and without resorting to free variations as it is the tradition misapplied by Chabrier. The Finnish bass Matti Tabeira is in tune with the essentially troubled nature of Boris from his very first appearance. Giddis is a particularly fine Dmitri and the Polish soloists and choristers help endorse this historic recording with the high musical standard it deserves.



The importance of theorising

Antinatal After, Roger Hayman, OUP, £5.95
Art and at Rodez, Charles Merewitz, Mimeo
 Bopar, \$4.50

The Theatre of David Boal, John Wilson
 Eve Methuen, £1.90
Conference of the Birds, John Hopkins, Faber
 and Faber, \$14.90
The Minstrels Taken and other Lektors,
 Bertolt Brecht, Eve Methuen, £3.75
The Master, Bertolt Brecht, Eve Methuen,
 £4.50
Mr Partridge and his son, Matt, Bertolt Brecht,
 Eve Methuen, \$4.50



At the Playwrights Conference in Canberra recently, Dorothy Bennett said that people working in the theatre in Australia did not "belong" enough. There is a call of "Abolish theatre" even as such a call first at the Playwrights' Conference, which points to what Max Harris calls the reversal of the philosophy that is Australia. People often quote approvingly Mark Twain's flop comment, "Those who use do, and those who can't, teach" — a remark which makes at least sense reversed, and which ignores the significant number of people who can't but do. There is an idea, a symptom of the general Australian horror of the intellect, that if you stop to talk about what you are doing, people might think you can't actually do it, that your approach is "Academic jargon".

A theorist who has had enormous influence but who did very little to implement his ideas successfully, is Antoine Artaud. For all his talk of practical success (although he seems to have been a fine actor) he has had influence on such practitioners in the theatre as Jean Louis Barrault, Roger Blin, Jean Genet, Eugene Ionesco, Peter Brook, Charles Merewitz, Jerry Grossman, John Boal and Jerrold Melane, Joseph Chaikin and Jean Claude Van Hulst, as well as R D Laing, Peter Brook and Michel Foucault in other areas. It has been said that "the course of all recent serious theatre in Europe and the Americas can be traced to developments

into two periods — before Artaud and after Artaud".

The Anglo Saxons, Artaud's concern with consciousness, with language and being is difficult to come to terms with. His quest to integrate the ontological and the personal — to see the world as a metaphor for his own private pain and to understand his pain in terms of a general idea of the problem of being. His writing is confusing and existentially ambiguous, but often very provocative. Whatever the philosophical implications of his life and work they have a theatrical implication in Brecht's work in trying to abolish the gap between popular and experimental for his actors — to make the audience to see and the actors see, so that the body swarms, burns and the spiritless was only a series of visible impulses.

Roger Hayman's *Antinatal and After* is an interesting introduction to these and other moves, and achieves one of the most important goals of such current, expository writing — it does not get into the arena of Artaud himself for expression if not for defence.

On the way there is Charles Merewitz' *Art and at Rodez*: a loose symbolic play showing Artaud at the last of the many lunatic asylums where he was a patient. He is attended by Dr. Fendore, Roger Blin and Andre Adelman, with their poses by Artaud's actor and the doctor. To see Artaud the centre of a noisy controversy about his treatment at Rodez after his death is sad. That we had such madness — hoping, with Alex Hope, "if told from the doctor's the play-theatrical".

A threat in an opposing setting was Bertolt Brecht, although Peter Brook has pointed out that *Mr. Smith* (translating) brings the two together in one play, with Maria and Brecht wanting to change the world by political action and Sule and Artaud wanting to "change human nature by making it not to itself". A review of John Wilson's standard English work on Brecht's welcome. It is as useful and as clear as some possible in any work on any theorist of the theatre. It demonstrates, if such demonstrations are needed, that there is still, for any chance production, a great deal to be got from a study of Brecht's work.

Unlike Artaud he was perhaps more successful practically than theoretically — at least there is the often stated complaint that his plays succeed in spite of, rather than because of his theory. In some ways Australian theatre is still stuck in the style and approach against which both Brecht and Artaud were in their different ways coping.

Peter Brook is not so much a threat as a speaker. In these days of discussion about the problems of nobody it is well to look at the writer whose work has come from the Ford Foundation and others to set up the International Centre of Theatre Research in Paris. He gathered a group of actors from all over the world and worked with them behind closed doors for three years, only occasionally performing publicly — at Persépolis for the new festival (Djavan) using a sound language directed by Ted Hughes, before audiences of tourists or the deaf, and finally in Africa.

John Hopkins's *Conference of the Birds* describes a trip through Northern Africa undertaken by Brook and his actors to explore the nature of performance and discover "in form of theatre created from the land". Brecht occupying positions for Norrads and Sulek's village, they performed with an attempt to find a fundamental, ideal (theatrical) relationship with their audience — naive and natural, where "the doctor and operator become patients" and both are transformed by what takes place. They performed spontaneously, growing on the work they had done in Paris but also on the feelings of what might have been the most successful audience any Western company has had to face. Most of the performances were failures, and after this Brook left to establish his own more conventional theatre in Paris. But the record shows the work he has done one of the most exciting theatrical ventures this century.

Finally from Eve Methuen, we have three volumes of plays by Brecht. *The Minstrels Taken* and other *Lektors* (he contains four short plays, some of them designed for schools, and of them written in 1939-50, when Brecht began to concentrate more seriously on a social and political vision and their practical implications). *The Master*, which John Wilson thinks is "in some ways his most perfect work", shows the developing revolutionary consciousness of a woman who moves from looking for her son's cause to attacking Mr Partridge and his son. *Mr Partridge* is a later work, with Brecht's last comic character, Partridge, who is selfish and egotistical when sober, but warm and friendly when drunk.

It is important to go on to the material in these books on such a short article. All of them, in one way or another, reveal something about the relationship between the actor and the audience — a relationship hardly explored as all in this country. Artaud's sense of total involvement, Brecht's more intellectual, educative approach and Brook's search for creative partnership between the two all have something to teach us. A greater awareness in that search might add weight to our enthusiasm for just getting up and doing it.

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In repertory. *Act Now: Crumpler and Co. The Empty House, Penetration* in schools and non-school contexts

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Children's Performance Society
Swamp of Ideas by Eugene and Harrietman
Conductors: Keith Harrison, Producer: Helen Gray 5, 6, 11, 13 July
Children Open

Albert Murray by Brian and Cosar

Conductor, Christopher Lyndon Gies, Director,
Kari Hooley. Design, Janet Woodward (continuing of 01 1001) 15, 21, 22, 26, 28, 29 July

THEATRE 1 (01 4122)

Children's Repertory

The Department by David Williamson

Class 1 July

Act Now by Garry Ryan. Director,
Ross McGregor. 13, 15 July, then Wednesday to
Saturday till 5 August

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(continuing)

For events contact Margarita Webb on 41 3162

NEW SOUTH WALES

ACTORS COMPANY (060 3581)

The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams
Director, Roddy Delaney, with Betty Chai
and De O'Connor. To July 15

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Director,
Michael Roff, starring De O'Connor. Shirley
Cameron, John Snow, David Kennedy. From
July 21st

ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW SOUTH WALES (21 4601)

The Grand Adversary, a musical comedy
marionette show created and directed by Philip
Edwards. New South Wales country tour to
August 15

Shout by Anthony Stiller, with Sydney
Company and Shane Parsons. New South
Wales country tour to August 1

Adams Millions a country rock group. New
South Wales country tour to July 19

Mike McCloud folk singer. New South Wales
country tour July 13

Schools Tour: *Woyze* *Polished Bones*, male

ensembles. Sydney metropolitan. South

Coast and Riverina areas

Act Now — international, puppeteer and
musicians. Riverina and Sydney metropolitan
areas

Smoking Players — North Coast area from
July 31

Garry Adcock — international folk singer.
North, Whole West, Outer Riverina and South
Coast

AUSTRALIAN OFFRA (06 1070)

Michael Biehn (Puccini) (in Italian) 1, 4, 7
July

Mirrors of Figue (Mozart) (in English) 3, 6, 8
Israel 15 (even), 21, 24 July

Norma Bellini (in Italian) 5, 8 (even), 11, 14, 17,
20, 26, 29 (even) July

Don Giovanni (Mozart) (in Italian) 18, 22 (even),
25, 27, 29 (even) 31 July

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE (069 9332)

Saturday morning workshops for teenagers in
NIDA, Youth Performing Group rehearsals of
Act in Wonderland for adults at the Pacific
Theatre

DANCE COMPANY (NSW) (06 4600)

Dance Theatre. Friday July 13

ENSEMBLE THEATRE (01 6171)

Sandwich by Susan Parker. Director, Don
Ried, music by Janice Kennedy (continuing)

FRANK STRAITS' BULL 'N BUSH THEATRE RESTAURANT (01 4627)

Allegory of Menzies with Noel Braddy. Keith
Bowdell. John Fullerton. Noel Bryant and Alan
Norman. Director, Frank Straits, choreographer
George Lander

GENESHA THEATRE (017 6019)

Swedish Rags by Neil Simon. Director, Condo
Ryder. From July 1

HER MAJESTY'S (012 3415)

Berry Humphreys in *Act 1 & Prologue* at the Age
To July 15

JANE STREET THEATRE (063 3015)

Michael Cumpsty by Bertie Scott. Director,
Anthony Meyer. To July 13

As You Like It by William Shakespeare.
Director, Anthony Meyer. From July 26

KIRK GALLERY. Sany Halls (069 1798)

First Solid Theatre

Acting by Brian Ford. Director, director, John
Sullivan. Producer, Stephen Hargrave.
From 18 August (bookings from 1 August)

MARIAN STREET THEATRE (06 2660)

Don't Bury Women Known, by James Byrne.
Director, Alison Duncan. To July 21

Class 101 of *You Can't* by Jack Williamson and
Walter Gilbert. Director, Alison Duncan.
From July 26

MARIONETTE THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA (107 1308)

Whisper the Double of *Death* by Richard
Bradshaw and Steve Hansen. Alexander
Theatre. Monash University Melbourne — 2 to 16
July

Road and Hand directed by Richard Bradshaw
— Repertory tour. From July 22.

MUSIC HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT (069 5328)

Crooked by Garry written and directed by
Michael Biehn (continuing)

MUSIC LOFT THEATRE (017 6015)

Decor a musical revue starring the Tappan
Family and Lee Young (continuing)

NEW THEATRE (019 3408)

Friday the Thirteenth by Kevin Morgan.
Director, John Armstrong (continuing
throughout July)

NIMROD THEATRE (099 9800)

Henry IV by William Shakespeare. Director,
Richard Worcester, with John Bell, Frank
Wilson. Alan Hay and Peter Carroll.
Throughout July

NO 16 THEATRE RESTAURANT

(019 9534)

At Captain Stedman's Party by Pat Carney.
Director, Pat Carney (continuing), Keith
Lark, and Doug Anderson. Director, Ray
Wilson (continuing)

OLD TOOTE THEATRE COMPANY

(063 6128)

Parade Theatre (to Hugh Leonard
Director, Peter Colquhoun with Margaret
Kirkpatrick, Alan Molloy, Alan Tobin, Sam
Felix, Tom Sullivan, Don Doyle, Jessica
Noad. Clive Crowther. To July 11

PABST THEATRE (01 9118)

The Pabst Company in Pabst's Own by
Dorothy Hewitt, with composer Ralph Threlk
and lighting designer, David Road.
Throughout July

PACIFIC HOLLYWOOD PALACE THEATRE RESTAURANT. Saint George (025 4419)

Platoon (New York Arts by Don Budge and Peter
Faine. Director, Jan Wong (continuing)

O THEATRE. Pabst (042 21 4514)

Clash by Harold Pinter. Director, Kevin
Jackson. From July 3-9

RIVERINA TRUCKING COMPANY, Wagga (069 15 3024)

Rocky Horror Show. Director, Terry O'Connell.
From 24 July 5 Aug.
Chorus in Love by Howard Brown. Last night
performances.

SEYMOUR CENTRE (060 0054)

Archimedes (to Ben Jonson. Director,
Neil Arnold — Sydney University Dramatic
Society. From July 20

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE (0691)

Exhibition Hall. *Figures*. Paintings and
sculpture exhibition by noted New York artist,
Peter Clark

THEATRE (019 4211)

An Evening with Quercus Club
July 3-21

WHITE HORSE HOTEL, Newcastle (01 190)

Down to Earth by Peter Serrin. Director,
Fleming Kirby, with Peter Finkel, Gavin
Doddrell, John Kelly, Garry Barlow, May
Hendall and Sue Pugh. To July

For events contact Jo Pearson on 257 1196

QUEENSLAND

ARTS THEATRE (06 2344)

After 100 Years by Noel Coward. Director, Murray Goldsmith. Designer, Ian Thomson. 26 July - 29 July

CAMERATA (06 4581)

Amber Thayer
A Handful of Friends by David Williamson. Director, Gary O'Neil. To 5 July

HIS MAJESTY'S (02 2777)

The Australian Ballet. From Lake. 26 July - 3 Aug

LA BOUTE (06 3622)

The Good Person of Szechwan by Bertolt Brecht. Director, Fred Wastley. To 10 July
The Factor My Love and a Beach by the Sea by Irene Smith. Director, Jeremy S. Higgins. Opens 15 July

REGENT CINEMA (06 221 2777)

Girls-Coming Nights - Film and variety

RIALTO, West End (06 3274)

Awake. Historic Dave Director, Bryan Mason. Director, Peter Bailey. With Michael McCulloch. Mick Hinchey, Cande Raymond, Ian Herbert. Starts 8th

QUEENSLAND ARTS COUNCIL

The Thoughts of Charlene Alf - Women. Michael. On tour till 16 July

Chris Langham's A Twink in Night Theatre

10-23 July

Mike McLellan in concert at Her Majesty's.

10 July (preliminary)

The Hunter Family. Australian Folk Songs.

Starting from 17 July

QUEENSLAND THEATRE COMPANY

(02 3177)

Place of Despair by Jean Anouilh. Director, Ian McCulloch. Designer, Peter Bailey. With Gopa Poole and Alan Widby. To 8 July

TWELFTH NIGHT (02 3640)

The Paper Moon. Opening To 26 July

For further contact, Don Sinclair on 268 5015.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

ACT (02 8140)

Amber Thayer. First Season at the Embassy Theatre.

Adelaide Theatre Group

Turning Points written and directed by Helen Cunningham. 3-8 July

Lanchester Play

Maxwell's Last Day. Hosted by Heather Williams. Director, David Alton. 10-23 July

Tread Deep Affairs

Daggon Ang written and directed by John Strachan. 12-15 July

AIDS

North's Nether Nether. Written and directed by Anthony Thompson. 19-26 July

Def. Cts

by Tony Smith. Director, Linda Ryan. 26 June - 19 July

Codyville

written and directed by Christine Johnson. Lanchester. 24-30 July

Sunday Playwrights, 4-10, 12, 14, 22, 30 July

ADELAIDE DANCE THEATRE (011 3046)

Comey solo during July

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN THEATRE COMPANY (01 3131)

Speech: The Last Barry Show by Jack Hillard. Director, Ron Blair. To 10 July

For further contact, Chris Johns on 224 6118

VICTORIA

ALEXANDER THEATRE (04 3618)

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AUSTRALIAN PERFORMING GROUP

(04 7153)

First Theatre. Cordelia. Chris Langham. To 10 July

Every Night. Every Night written and directed by Ray Maoney. 7 July. 3 Act

Back Theatre. Programme of independent films, 10-14 July. Also during July, the APG "Night club" series will have *Night* and *Quantum*

COMEDY THEATRE

Love The Neighbour with Jack Southern and Neil Boden. 10-14 July

Don't A Packer. At the Age. 10-14 July. 10-14 July

FOREST THEATRE RESTAURANT

(04 7153)

Phenomena. A nostalgic look at the mad 1950s musical comedy scene, with Rod Quoad, Mary Kennedy, Geoff Brooks. 10-14 July

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Just Between Ourselves by Alan Ayckbourn. From 18 July

Autumn Theatre. *Elbow* by Sophocles. Translated by Frank Harter and Nick Wright. Director, Frank Harter. Designer, Anne Pratt. With Rainer Hagen, Dennis Olson, David Everett, Michael Edgar, John Gorman, Irene Innes. *Handy-Gone* and company. To 22 July. *The Playhouse of the Wizard World* by J. M. Synge. From 23 July

OLYMPIC POOL (04 1100)

Playhouse for The Family Show. 10-14 July. 10

PALACE THEATRE (04 3620)

Start of World. 10-14 July. Director, Robert Harrison. 10-14 July

PILGRIM PUPPET THEATRE (04 4630)

Also in Woodhouse. Adapted by Ray Cooper. Director, Robert Alton

PRINCE'S THEATRE (04 2511)

Admission by Music. Director, Robert Loney. Conductor, Richard David. Lighting Designer, Sam Nelson

TINK AND JOHN'S THEATRE LOUNGE

(04 3754)

Old Town Music Hall. John & Tink Newman. 10-14 July

Myrtle Roberts and Vic Gordon. 10-14 July

Handy-Gone. 10-14 July

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Handy-Gone. 10-14 July

Thoughts of Chairman Alf" Warren Marshall 21
26 July

For entries, contact the editorial office
(0476) 47 4432

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

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Laureate Volunteer Director Brian Smith

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Wife in the Paddock Workshop

Myth: Dark Rehearsal by Owen Wilson
Director, Duncan Inneson 28 June 1 July
Geography of a Motor Designer by Sam
Stephens Director, Simon Aaron 5-8 July
The Knack by Anne Pollock Director John Gill
12 July 12 Aug.

NATIONAL THEATRE PLAYHOUSE
1125 2000

A Kipper and Holy Grail by John
O'Donoghue Director Stephen Barry 28 June
21 July

The Ghost Train by Arnold Ridley Director
Edgar Macaulay 16 July 19 August
The Greenhouse
Hemlock's Last Half Hour by Heathcote
William Director, Stephen Barry

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Australian Ballet Romeo and Juliet
7-8 July

Swan Lake 12-13 July

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CLUES

Down

- Low life characters of an English play (7)
- What the theatre has that costume doesn't (1,4,4)
- King master of Chinese music drama (5)
- What of the dead tomorrow? (1, 10)
- In Shakespeare's Epithet one of these (14)
- For Krapp's tape (14)
- What is dead is never completely dead (1, 2)
- Revolving the headlights (5)
- Reverend's burden (4)
- John's friend (6)
- British diplomatically (1)
- Prongs for stars (1, 3)
- When Udo Ren sings and The Tempest
begins (1, 4)

Across

- Those who wait in the wings to take their part (6)
- Shortened theatrical greeting given first class
Rover (5)
- State of not being moved (8)
- Mistaken Japan (5)
- Death comes — the — with a little too
born through his castle wall and learned
King Richard (11, 4)
- A female rocket turned as Shakespeare (1, 4)
- Being unapologetically a member of the water (1, 6)
- For times when when down (8)
- Such rage is usually (5)
- But that's all you can play a dose
And we'll strive to — you every day
(2 words) (10)
- The last part of the theatre industry (5)
- Julius, we gather, didn't wear them (8)
- Protest classical poet (5)
- Julius should not be left down on stage (8)

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